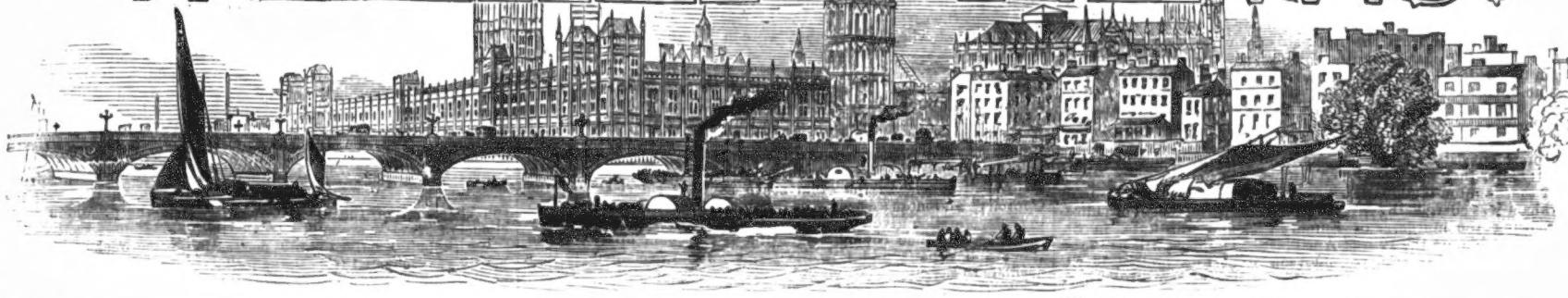


John Dick 313 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1863.

ONE PENNY.

CHRISTMAS AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

THE TOY BAZAAR.

If we had nothing else to remind us of the approach of Christmas, certainly the host of little juveniles would take care that provision for them should not be forgotten on the occasion. Long before a thought may have entered our minds as to the necessity of putting in a supply, they have been sounding "the busy note of preparation." Their joyful cry, "Christmas is coming," has been ringing in our ears for weeks past, until, forsooth, we are compelled to listen to their appeals, and accompany them to the toy bazaar. Paterfamilias may not altogether like this. After poring over losses, gains, stocks, cargoes, ledgers, &c., to be luggered by the coat-tails through a maze of toy-stalls by a troop of shouting, squeaking, chubby little urchins, is perhaps not altogether compatible with his ideas of mercantile transactions. However,

he is "bound to go;" and Paterfamilias may supply the remainder if he chooses. But here we are in the Lowther Arcade. Should any doubt this, let them refer to our illustration on the preceding page. Uncles, aunts, cousins, nephews, nieces, grandmamas, grandpas, all jostling together. "Mamma, oh! do buy me this pretty doll!" "Papa, I want this horse, and this whip, and this sword, and this gun, and this trumpet, and this bat, and this—" "Stay a moment, young gentleman; if you go on at that rate you will require the whole stall." "Look here, grandpa, such a fine Noah's Ark! you must buy me this." "And I want this squeaking doll." "And I want that beautiful doll; such a nice doll, with bright hair, and blue eyes, which move about like dear little baby's." How resist all these? And we nudge and elbow ourselves through the crowd, buying here, buying there. They won't let us have any rest, the insinuating little misses, and the chattering, plaguing, persisting young scions of our own "noble house." Paterfamilias knows he is "in for it" directly he enters that emporium of toys; and if he gets off with less than a small cart-load, he must think himself lucky. Of course grandmamas and grandpas must make their purchases also for the teasing little dears. "Oh! do buy me this pretty puzzle!" "Why, that's the map of the world!—you wouldn't know how to put it together!" "Oh! yes I can, grandpa!" And, doubtless, the little fellow could. He would not find half the difficulty in re-uniting the *dis*-United States of America as Mr. Lincoln; nor would he need the aid of Congress to bring all the European Powers together. He could also find the place for Poland, nor fail in placing her in her right position. Where could we find the justice of blotting her from out the map altogether. But stay; we are among the toys, and there we will still roam until all those little misses and masters are supplied with everything necessary for the Christmas tree, as well as articles for amusement during their merry Christmas holidays.



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR CHILDREN.—THE TOY BAZAAR. (See page 420.)

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday the walls and hoardings throughout the metropolis were placarded with large posting bills offering a reward of £200 for the apprehension of the thieves who burglariously entered the premises No. 54, Strand, in the occupation of Mr. William Boone (late Forrest), watchmaker and jeweller. The shop and show-rooms were ransacked, and a large amount of property, consisting of antique and modern gold and silver watches, signet and other rings, set with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and other costly gems, gold guards, Albert, and ladies' neck-chains, lockets, brooches, chatelaines, etc., &c.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning, the collier brig Royal Thistle, George Gibb, master, from Shields to Santander, 250 tons burthen, during a storm of wind got on the Goodwin Sands. Signals of distress were fired from the light-ships, and no time was lost in manning the Ramsgate lifeboat, which proceeded out in tow of the steam tug Aid. On arriving at the vessel it was found that there was no hope for her, and the crew at once abandoned her, some of whom were taken off by the lifeboat, and some by a lugger that had also gone to the rescue—the Wanderer, of Ramsgate. The clothes of the crew, together with some sails, cordage, &c., were also saved. The crew consisted of ten persons, who were all landed in safety. Shortly after they had abandoned the brig she sank.

At the Taunton Guildhall, a man who gave the name of John Markham was charged by Mr. Goldsmith, superintendent of police, with being the murderer of Emma Jackson, a prostitute, in St. Giles's, London, on the 19th of April last. The facts will be in the remembrance of our readers. Jackson went to a brothel in St. Giles's in company with a man, and was never seen alive afterwards. She was found in the room next morning quite dead, having been brutally murdered. The man who was in her company could not be found, and a description of him, together with a reward for his apprehension, was published in the *London Gazette*. He was described as having marks of old wounds on his forehead, and one on his lip, and as having weak and sore eyes. Similar marks are found on the person of Markham, who also answers the description exactly in every other respect. He gave contradictory accounts of himself, and stated that he had been a "prig" all his life. He was remanded.

The inquest on the bodies of the unfortunate men who were killed by the fall of the public-house at Jalington was brought to conclusion on Monday, when the jury, after considerable deliberation, returned a verdict of "Accidental death," to which was appended a severe censure on the architect, whose defective plans, it was said, were the cause of the accident. The verdict, it ought to be added, was not unanimous, and the foreman of the jury was in the minority.

On Saturday last the county magistrates at Norwich committed for trial at the next assizes a young man named John Lemon, who was charged with shooting at a gamekeeper named Charles Long, on the estate of Mr. B. Fellows, at Shotesham, Norfolk. It appeared from the evidence which was adduced that at about five o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 29th ult., Long and another keeper named Watson were walking along a road near a wood, when they met the prisoner, John Lemon, and another man who is not in custody. The report of a gun having been heard in the wood only a short time before, the keepers followed the men, and when they came within a short distance of them the prisoner turned round and, with an oath, threatened to shoot the keepers if they persisted in following them. He had no sooner uttered the words than he partly raised the gun and fired. The gun was loaded with a number of small shot, several of which entered Long's leg about the calf and the knee, and rendered him rather lame. The other keeper, Watson, continued to follow the men along the road, and, after going some further distance, Lemon again turned round, and, seizing his gun by the barrel and with both hands, struck Watson so violent a blow as to break the gunstock. Both keepers were thus disabled and prevented from following their assailants, whom however, they well knew and recognised, the night being a bright moonlight one. Warrants were immediately issued for their apprehension, but neither of the poachers could be found, until on Saturday, the 5th inst., Lemon was apprehended on Yarmouth-quay. He was going on board a London steampacket, and was on the point of starting. The other man has not up to this time been apprehended.

On Saturday morning, Captain Palmer, of Monkton, was killed on the North-Eastern line, near Pelaw Main Station. The deceased was walking up to that station from Springwell, according to his usual custom, to take the train for Newcastle. On looking up the line he saw a luggage train coming towards him from Newcastle, on the line of rails between which he was walking. The wind was blowing with considerable force at the time, and it is supposed that the noise of the gale prevented him from hearing the 10.30 a.m. express from Sunderland, which was then rapidly approaching him, as he stepped on the other line to avoid the luggage train. He had scarcely changed his position when the express train came up, and he was struck with fearful force by the engine. He fell between the rails. The engine fire-box is placed near the ground, and the body was crushed by it in passing. His body was shockingly mangled, and death must have been instantaneous, as when attended to immediately afterwards the unfortunate gentleman was found to be quite dead. He was about sixty-three years of age.—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

WELL-MERITED PUNISHMENT FOR GAROTTERS.—Two practised garotters named James Austin M. Dermott and Jonathan Brierley were indicted before Mr. Justice Willes, at the South Lancashire Assizes, for a garotte robbery at Rochdale. The victim was Mr. Wyld, a master, and this gentleman was rendered insensible by the hugging process, and then robbed of a gold watch. During the search by the police it was ascertained that the prisoners had described the outrage to a female acquaintance, and stated that they had obtained a gold watch by giving a man a "hanger on." Both men, it appeared, had been several times previously convicted, and M'Dermott once transported. They were found guilty of the present offence, and each sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

PRIZE DESIGNS.—As affording the most striking contrast, Mr. Benson shows with these a fresh exhibition of modern watches, with cases made from prize designs at the South Kensington Museum, some of which are fine specimens of engraving.—*Times*, Sept. 14, 1863. Chronometer, duplex, lever, horizontal, repeaters, cushion-shaped, keyless, split seconds, and every description of watch, adapted to all climates. Benson's Illustrated Pamphlet on Watches (free by post for two stamps) contains a short history of watchmaking, with prices, from 3 to 200 guineas each. It serves as a guide in the purchase of a watch, and enables those who live in any part of the world to select a watch, and have it sent safe by post. Prize Metal and Honourable Mention, Classes 33 and 15. J. W. Benson, 33 and 34, Ludgate-hill, London. Established 1749. Watch and Clock Maker by Special Warrant of Appointment to H. M. The Prince of Wales.—[Advertisement.]

The question is constantly asked, which is the best sewing machine? The answer we give is that which will do best the greatest variety of work. Most will do nothing but plain sewing; but there are some which equally apply to plain and ornamental work. Those of Newton, Wilson, & Co., of 144, High Holborn, are the best of this description.—[Advertisement.]

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

Of the Sovereigns who most eagerly catch at the invitation to the Congress, without asking to see the bill of fare, are the Pope and King Victor Emmanuel. They both accept ostensibly on the same grounds. The King of Italy because he is convinced that justice and the respect for legitimate rights are the true foundations on which a new European equilibrium can be based; and it is precisely for the sake of these "legitimate rights" that the Holy Father would also enter the Congress. Both are rejoiced that the moment is at hand for the vindication of these "rights." The Pope is not more solicitous than the King of Italy about the programme, which others insist upon having. His holiness demands nothing of the sort:—

"It is with cheerfulness that we can for the present moment assure your Majesty that all our moral co-operation shall be given to the Congress, in order that the principles of justice, now so disregarded and trampled under foot, shall be re-established for the benefit of a troubled society; that the rights now violated shall be admitted and claimed in favour of those who have suffered from their violation."

The Emperor Napoleon had spoken in his letter of the "legitimate aspirations." The Pope does not understand these "legitimate aspirations" in the same sense as the "eldest son of the Church;" and most assuredly he differs as widely as possible from the interpretation given to them by Victor Emmanuel. Were they to sit at the same council board, the latter would apply them to Rome and Venetia, and how the former would explain them it is needless to say.

The *Constitutionnel* says:—

"The Emperor's idea remains what it was from the first day, with the unanimous consent and applause of governments and populations. Like all great conceptions it may meet with contradictions and obstacles, but will it on that account stop in its course? We think not. It appears to us that the line to be followed by the French Government is clearly traced out; after having testified its regret to England and addressed its thanks to the Powers whose adhesion was speedily given, it may now furnish the explanations asked for. If France, not to be accused of setting herself up as arbitrator, and in order to place herself above all suspicion, according to the Emperor's expression, ought to present herself at the Congress without any preconceived ideas by abstaining from bringing forward a programme, she has not the same reason for refusing the explanations solicited by several of the cabinets. There is nothing therefore to prevent a previous understanding, the advantages of which are manifest. In the midst of so many dissents and uncertainties, such an arrangement would create fixed points, and, if the majority of the members of the European family unite in it, the result would be considerable and to be highly applauded."

The above article is in utter contradiction with all that the semi-official papers have been saying within the last few days. It now holds out that the Cabinet of the Tuilleries will consent to draw up a programme. This is a wonderful lowering of tone in deference to adverse circumstances. For these journals said but a few days ago that a programme was impossible, and printed the words in large type at the head of their articles. The "grand idea" of the Emperor, according to them, was the assembling of a number of diplomats (in default of sovereigns) over a green baize table to talk over all the disagreeable questions which perplex the world. To lay down beforehand any programme for their debates would be, we have been told over and over again, "to render the Congress useless."

PRUSSIA.

OCCUPATION OF THE DUCHIES BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

A Berlin letter of December 11 has the following:—"War is the word to-day in Berlin. Of an execution in Holstein, at least, we consider ourselves sure, failing the occurrence of something very like a miracle, and it is thought by many, and hoped by more, that hostilities will be the result of the entrance of German troops into the duchy. Will the King of Denmark withdraw or suspend the November constitution? one hears some ask. The reply is that there is now no time to do it in. A constitution in Denmark is not to be put aside by a stroke of the royal pen; or shelved in a day, like liberty of the press in Prussia, by a Ministerial ordinance. The Chamber would expect to be consulted on the matter, and for even the briefest processes the time is now short. The days are easily counted until that appointed for the execution to take place. I think I told you that railway trains are already bespoken for the conveyance of the Saxon contingent, which is expected to enter Holstein on the 15th inst. The Hanoverians will doubtless promptly follow, and should the Danes resist, the Austro-Prussian reserves will quickly move up to the front. These latter will form an army of 52,000 men, of which 22,000 are Austrians, and 30,000 Prussians—the two divisions, 6th and 13th, appointed for the service having been raised to that strength by the calling in of the reserves. The command will be taken by the Prussian Prince Frederick Charles, who, already destined much, as it appears, to the satisfaction of his own service—to the command of the troops supplied by this country, is also we now learn, to have under his orders those furnished by Austria. It appears that the Emperor Francis Joseph graciously made the offer to the King of Prussia to place the Austrian contingent under his nephew's command, and that the King gladly and gratefully accepted. Prince Frederick Charles is in his thirty-sixth year, and a cavalry general. He is said to be a smart officer, seems well enough liked in the Prussian army, and the leading part he is now called upon to play will give him increased prominence and popularity. Like all armies long condemned to inaction, that of Prussia thirsts for an opportunity of distinguishing itself, especially in a cause on behalf of which the sympathies of the country are so strongly enlisted. There are but few men now serving in it who ever saw a shot fired in anger, and soon, if war does not occur, there will be none. One not unfrequently hears superior officers regretting this prolonged period of peace as injurious to the Prussian service, and throughout the body of officers generally there exists the strongest desire for a fight."

POLAND.

A German correspondent from Lomza, writing in the *Schlesische Zeitung*, gives the following description of Mouravieff's recent proceedings in that town:—

"For some time before we were placed under the iron sceptre of Mouravieff, a Russian military commandant had resided here apparently as a quiet private gentleman, not interfering in anything. His, however, was but a mask which the Russians used to enable him to insinuate himself into the confidence of the citizens, and thus to act as a spy on their actions. As soon as he had acquired sufficient information, he requested Mouravieff to send us an unscrupulous and energetic Russian as civil governor. This was soon done, and Mouravieff's emissary, immediately after his arrival, summoned all the inhabitants, both Jews and Christians, to the market-place. We obeyed this order patiently, and the market-place was soon filled. The Christian inhabitants were then separated from the Jews, and surrounded by infantry and Cossacks, after which their new ruler came forward, glared at the trembling crowd, and exclaimed, 'Where is the rascal N.?' The individual named,

one of our principal Jewish merchants, advanced. 'Look him up' was the next order to the Cossacks, who immediately seized him and dragged him from the spot. Then turning to the Christians—'Now, you perfidious, faithless hounds, have you quite forgotten your great Czar? Down on your knees, and swear your oath of allegiance once more.' We then all fell trembling on our knees, and remained in that position until our master thus addressed us:—'Now, get up, pack off to your houses, and write an address of submission to our mighty Czar and lord.' With these words we were dismissed. We thought this was all, but we were grossly deceived. The arrests now began; the most respectable officials and citizens were taken from their houses and thrown into prison. The slightest remonstrance was punished with from fifty to 100 lashes. An old Polish lady who was ordered to produce her son but could not do so as he was absent, received sixty blows with the rod. The apothecary T., a citizen universally liked in the town, was also arrested, and received eighty lashes because he did not follow his escort quick enough. In short, it is impossible for me to describe to you all the acts of violence committed by this unworthy delegate of Mouravieff. We are in despair; all trade is stopped. We hear of nothing but arrests and floggings. The address is signed. May Poland forgive us this forced homage. The world knows the way in which these addresses are obtained. In the neighbouring city of Sarski, the Jewish community was similarly forced to sign an address of submission, and the deputation which took it to Wilna was accompanied by a strong military escort."

The *Schlesische Zeitung* publishes the following letter from a Pole who has recently been deported to Russia, in illustration of the statement of the official *Diennik*, that the prisoners in the citadel of Warsaw are mildly treated:—

"Although I arrived at my destination some weeks ago, I have hardly yet recovered from the sufferings of my imprisonment, which have tried me more severely than all the fatigue of the journey. I will not mention the physical sufferings which those in the citadel must endure, for they have no doubt been described by many of my fellow sufferers; but what exceeds all comprehension is the manner in which one is treated by the Russian staff officers, who act as judges at the examinations. How little I had to disclose at my examination you, my friends, well know; but as I was regarded as an influential personage, it was thought necessary to extort information from me at any price, and terrible were the measures they resorted to with this view. Many questions that were put to me they accompanied by striking me in the face with their fists, and tearing the hair from my head and beard, so that frequently I was taken senseless and motionless to my cell. My persecutor who thus treated me, and no doubt many others in this way, is a colonel named Idanowicz. Often, when the savage glared at me and pulled at my beard, I felt as if I could throw myself upon him and tear his eyes out with my nails; but the thought of you, my dear friends, restrained me. I would not make my situation worse than it is, wishing to preserve my life for your sake. I do not know whether these lines, which a sympathising officer has consented to take charge of, will come to your hands. Should they do so, I beg of you to publish to the world the name of the barbarian Idanowicz, to prove how Polish State prisoners are treated by Russian judges."

AMERICA.

The manner of the escape of the Confederate guerilla General Morgan, and his six companions, from the penitentiary at Cincinnati is thus described:—

"On the night of the 28th of November the Confederate Major-General John H. Morgan and six of his officers escaped from the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus. They had by patient labour for two weeks dug through the floor of their cell, having for tools only two small pocket-knives. About two weeks previously one of the prisoners asked for boards to cover their cell floor, stating that the camp stone was injuring their health. The suspicious guard granted their request, and these boards were used to cover their work. After penetrating their cell floor, which was one foot thick of stone and brick, they reached a four-feet sewer, but, being stopped by a heavy grating at its mouth, they dug through the soft earth under the outer wall, and thus reached the open country. The night being dark and stormy favoured their operations, and there seems to be no doubt that they received assistance from sympathisers outside. The governor immediately telegraphed to all the military committees of the State, and the provost marshals had instructions to scour the whole country for the fugitives. Heavy rewards were offered for General Morgan, dead or alive, and every exertion was made for his capture, but not the slightest clue could be discovered as to the route they had taken, nor was anything heard of him until a despatch, dated Toronto, Nov. 30, announced his safe arrival at that place.

The following note, addressed to the warden, was left in the vacated cell:—

"Commencement, Nov. 5; conclusion, Nov. 20, number of hours labour per day, three; tools, two small knives; patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—By order of my six honourable Confederates,

"T. HENRY HAINES, Captain, C.S.A."

THE VOLUNTEERS.

THE annual distribution of prizes to the successful competitors in the 29th (North) Middlesex Rifle Volunteers took place on Monday evening at the Vestry-hall of St. Pancras, Camden town, and in the presence of a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen. Lord Enfield, M.P., the honorary colonel of the corps, presided. Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the regiment upon its healthy condition. The Government aid had reached them, he said, at the right moment, and had enabled them to reduce the amount of subscription, and to do certain things which would otherwise have been almost beyond their power. At the annual inspection Colonel Morris had expressed himself strongly in approval of their efficiency in drill and smartness in manoeuvring, and in point of numerical strength they were progressing. He hoped, however, that it would not be long before their numbers were doubled, as with a recruiting district containing a population of 200,000 he thought the local corps ought to equal in strength the London Rifle Brigade and the Queen's Westminsters. Lord Enfield having then addressed a few words to the meeting proceeded to distribute the prizes, which were considerable in number and varied in kind, cash prizes not appearing among them. The awards had been made solely on account of excellence in shooting, and several members had succeeded in carrying off two or more prizes, Private Kennedy, Sergeant Humphrey, and Corporal J. Wells being especially prominent. At the conclusion of the distribution a vote of thanks was passed to the visitors for their attendance, in response to which Lord Llanover expressed the pleasure he felt at meeting his old constituents upon such an occasion, and hoped the corps would accept from him a prize to be contended for next year,—an offer which was of course received with the warmest applause. Lord Fermoy and Mr. H. Lewis, the members for the borough, followed, the former, on the part of himself and colleague, also giving a promise to offer next year a prize to the corps. The proceedings were brought to a close by three cheers for Lieutenant-Colonel Whitehead, given with sufficient vehemence to prove his high popularity with the volunteers under his command.

HORNIMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,280 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

AT Derby murder of and Mr. Q.C., and densely crammed man who was a raised ring. Mr. Boding to the the jury floating a prisoner in ham-vale, a mission a unless it is Elizabeth daughter of Goodwin, Mr. Henry years Miss she left Ch her grandf Miss Good Captain G. Miss Good of the Town attachment, ably to Towne ment was a afterwards. death. Mi the 14th o however, h to her fri this:— "My de not to com when I sha it can be p now, so we 'Good-bye, stand the u days I can seen, for m "Wedne "G. V. T near The Rev worth, who The prison one, and sa I suppose y "I understand broken off." He engagement, a stand." I s other." He staying at V clined to gi engagement b staying the Goodwin w used toward been used to later I must Reuben C the hall. O was going a well-lane ex from the din Miss Good hall. Her f She asked m down there and c whether I I saw the lane end, an was afterward towards me the hunting who had bee her. I ask and he ask stop with his m yard I was away the prison she was living. We then car his brother son said " James Con said, "I kn be hanged f carried her f who had de question at a was afraid he dead. We m just within t amiss, and t murdered." The prison who he was, was. For the de unsound state Dr. Forbe sence of Mr. my name on natural and the crime. I and three qu sent moment on the 18th c when I saw h sanity on the I adver to occasion, wi

MURDER OF A YOUNG LADY BY HER SWEET-HEART.

At Derby Assizes, George Victor Townley was indicted for the murder of Miss Goodwin. Mr. Boden, Q.C. (specially retained), and Mr. Bristow appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Macaulay, Q.C., and Mr. Sergeant O'Brien (both of whom were specially retained), with Mr. Stephen, defended the prisoner. The court was densely crowded with people anxious to hear this remarkable trial. The prisoner, who was described as a man of very quiet and refined manners, a good linguist, and an accomplished musician, and who was apparently about twenty-five years of age, on being arraigned pleaded "Not guilty" in a low but firm voice.

Mr. Boden, in opening the case for the prosecution, after advertising to the painful interest it had excited in the county, and asking the jury to dismiss from their minds the rumours which were floating about, and to attend to the evidence only, stated that the prisoner was a member of a respectable family living at Hendham-vale, a mile or two from Manchester. His father was a commission agent at Manchester, but the prisoner had no employment, unless it was that he acted as a clerk in his father's office. Miss Elizabeth Goodwin, with whose death he was charged, was the daughter of Mr. Henry Goodwin, and granddaughter of Captain Goodwin, who had long lived in the county and acted as a magistrate. Mr. Henry Goodwin lived at Chester, and up to the last three or four years Miss Goodwin had lived with her mother, but about that time she left Chester and went to reside at Wigwell-grange, or hall, with her grandfather, who is an old man upwards of eighty years of age. Miss Goodwin herself was nearly twenty-three years of age. Captain Goodwin's eldest son was a physician at Manchester, and Miss Goodwin, while on a visit to him, had formed the acquaintance of the Townleys. That acquaintance led to the forming of strong attachment between the prisoner and the deceased, and ultimately, about four years ago, they became engaged. Owing to Townley's want of means to support a wife, the engagement was not approved of by the lady's friends, and for some short time it was broken off. It had been renewed, however, shortly afterwards, and continued to exist to within a short time of her death. Miss Goodwin appears to have written to the prisoner on the 14th of August, to break off the engagement. Her letters, however, had, with one exception, been given up by Townley to her friends, who destroyed them. The letter produced was this:

"My dear George,—I write this in the greatest haste to tell you not to come on any account. I leave here to-day, and can't tell when I shall or can be back again. I do not wish to see you, if it can be possibly avoided; and, indeed, there will be no chance now, so we had better end this state of suspense at once, and say 'Good-bye,' without seeing each other. I feel sure I could not stand the meeting. If you write once more within the next three days I can get it, but not later than that time without its being seen, for my letters are strictly watched, and even opened.

"Yours, truly, BESSIE.

"Wednesday.
"Immediate.
"G. V. Townley, Esq., Hendham-vale, Smedley,
near Manchester."

The Rev. Herbert Harris: I keep the grammar school at Wirksworth, which is about a mile and a-half from Wigwell-grange. The prisoner came to my house on the 21st of August at half-past one, and said, "I have called on you as a friend of Miss Goodwin. I suppose you know there was an engagement between us." I said, "I understood there was an engagement, but that it had been broken off." He said, "She has written to me to break off the engagement, and declines to see me. I want to know how matters stand." I said, "Anything I know is in confidence, and, therefore, I cannot satisfy you." He said, "I will find it out somehow or other." He then asked who was the clergyman who had been staying at Wigwell. I said, "There had been one there, but I declined to give his name." I had been told that there was an engagement between Miss Goodwin and this clergyman, who was staying there three weeks or a month ago. He then asked if Miss Goodwin was at Wigwell, and if I thought any coercion had been used towards her. I said she was at Wigwell, but no coercion had been used towards her that I was aware of. He said, "Sooner or later I must see her."

Reuben Conway: I work for Mr. Bowmer, who lives just opposite the hall. On Friday night, between eight and nine o'clock, as I was going along the turnpike-road from the hall towards the Wigwell-lane end I heard a moaning noise, which appeared to come from the direction of the Mill-lane end. I ran forward, and found Miss Goodwin guiding herself by the wall and coming towards the hall. Her face and the front of her dress were covered with blood. She asked me to take her home, and said there was a gentleman down there had been murdering her. I put my arm round her and carried her about twenty yards. She asked me whether I could see any one, and on looking down the road I saw the prisoner sixty or eighty yards below towards the lane end, and nearer the lane end than the place where the blood was afterwards found. He was crossing the road, and then came towards me. When I first saw him, he was about forty yards from the hunting gate. As he came up, I went towards him, and asked who had been murdering Miss Goodwin. He said he had stabbed her. I asked him to go and help me, and he took hold of her head and I of her body, and we carried her towards Wigwell. He called her "Poor Bessie" several times, and said, "You should not have proved false to me." She said nothing then. We laid her down near a gate, and prisoner asked me for something to put round her neck to stop the bleeding. I said I had nothing, and he asked me to go for help. I asked him if he would stop with her, and he said he would. I then went to Mr. Bowmer's yard for help, leaving the prisoner with Miss Goodwin. I was away about four or five minutes, and on coming back found the prisoner holding something round her neck. I asked if she was living, and he said she was. She said, "Take me home." We then carried her a short distance further until Mr. Seeds and his brother came up. Mr. Seeds asked who had done it. The prisoner said "I have done it." We then carried her further, and met James Conway, who also asked who had done it. The prisoner said, "I know, and he knows; I am the man who did it, and I shall be hanged for it." Miss Goodwin then said she was dying. We carried her further, and met Mr. Bowmer, who also wanted to know who had done it. The prisoner said, "I have done it; there is no question at all about that." After going a little further he said he was afraid she was dead, and bent down and kissed her. She was dead. We met Captain Goodwin and Ann Poyer, the housekeeper, just within the hall gates. Captain Goodwin asked what we had missed, and the prisoner answered, "It is your granddaughter Betsy, murdered." Captain Goodwin wanted to know who had done it. The prisoner said, "I have done it;" and, on the captain's asking who he was, said, "My name is George Townley."

For the defence it was contended that the prisoner was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act.

Dr. Forbes Winslow: I have seen the prisoner twice in the presence of Mr. Sims, the governor of the gaol. He was not aware of my name or of the object of my visit. His behaviour was quite natural and not assumed. I talked to him largely on the subject of the crime. I was with him nearly two hours on the first occasion and three-quarters of an hour on the second. I think at this present moment he is a man of deranged intellect. He was deranged on the 18th of November, and I thought still more so last night, when I saw him a second time. If I had any doubt as to his insanity on the 18th of November, I had none whatever last night. I adverted to the conversation I had had with him on the previous occasion, with a view of satisfying my mind that I had left him

with an accurate impression of what he had said. He repeated to me that he did not recognise he had committed any crime at all, neither did he feel any degree of pain, regret, contrition, or remorse for what he had done. I endeavoured to impress on his mind on my first visit the serious nature of the crime he had committed. He repudiated the idea of its being a crime, either against God or man, and in reply to some observation of mine, attempting to justify the act, alleging that he considered Miss Goodwin as his property; that she had been illegally wrested from him by an act of violence; that he viewed her in the light of his wife who had committed an act of adultery, and that he had as perfect a right to deal with her life as he had with any other description of property, as the money in his pocket, &c. I endeavoured to prove to him the gross absurdity of his statement and the enormity of his offence, and he replied, "Nothing short of a miracle can alter my opinions." The expression that Miss Goodwin was his property was frequently repeated. He killed her to recover and repossess himself of property which had been stolen from him. I could not disturb this, as I thought, very insane idea. I said, "Suppose any one had robbed you of a picture, what course would you take to recover it?" He said he would demand its restitution, and if it were not granted, he would take the person's life without compunction. I replied that he had no right to take the law into his own hands; he should have recourse to legal measures to obtain restitution. He remarked that he recognised the right of no man to sit in judgment upon him. He was a free agent; and as he did not bring himself into the world by any action of his own, he had perfect liberty to think and act as he pleased, irrespective of any one else. I regard these expressions as the evidence of a diseased intellect. Last evening he said that he had been for some weeks previously to the 21st of August under the influence of a conspiracy. There were six conspirators plotting against him, with a view to destroy him, with a chief conspirator at their head.

Mr. Boden having replied, the judge summed up; and the jury, after an absence of five minutes, returned a verdict of "Guilty."

Baron Martin, having put on the black cap, said,—Prisoner at the bar, after every possibility in your favour has been urged with an ability never excelled, you have been found guilty of wilful murder, and in that verdict I entirely concur. If the defence which has been set up in your behalf had prevailed, it would, in my opinion, have been attended with consequences dangerous to society. If it entered into the minds of men that they might take the life of any woman who was fickle, the results would be fearful. I have now only one duty to perform. With regard to that I have no discretion, but am under an absolute necessity of fulfilling it. I beg of you to take advantage of your opportunity to make your peace with God. I have no desire by any comment of mine to distress you or any other persons, but will, without saying more, pronounce the sentence imposed by the law. His lordship then, with much emotion, passed sentence of death upon the prisoner.

MURDER IN THE WATERLOO-ROAD.

SAMUEL WRIGHT, a respectable-looking man, about thirty years of age, described on the charge-sheet as a bricklayer, was, on Monday, placed in the felon's dock of the Southwark Police-court, before Mr. Burcham, charged with wilfully murdering Maria Green, by cutting her throat with a razor at No. 11, Waterloo-road, adjacent to the spot where the unfortunate Eliza Grimwood was brutally murdered upwards of twenty years ago.

Long before the case was called on, every avenue leading to the court was crowded to excess by persons anxious to see the murderer; but, owing to the management of Mr. Edwin, the chief clerk, assisted by the usher of the court and the police, the utmost order prevailed during the examination. About half-past eleven the prisoner was placed at the bar. He is rather a good-looking young man, of light complexion, no whiskers, but a short beard under the chin. At first he seemed very cool and collected, but in a few minutes the perspiration fell from his face, and he had to support himself by his hands at the edge of the dock, and he several times cried bitterly.

The first witness called was Ann Ireland. She said: I am a dressmaker, and reside at No. 11, Waterloo-road. I occupy the front room on the first floor. The prisoner lodged with a female named Maria Green, who passed as his wife, on the second floor, above me. On Saturday night about eight o'clock I went up-stairs to their room and saw them both. They seemed very happy and comfortable, and afterwards deceased and the prisoner went out together. I do not know what time they returned home, but about four o'clock on Sunday morning I was roused up from my sleep by hearing a thumping noise over head and some swearing. It continued for some minutes, and becoming frightened I got up and lit a candle. I then opened my door and was going up-stairs to see what was the matter, when I met the prisoner coming down in his shirt sleeves, which were tucked up, and one of his arms had blood on it. I was so frightened at his appearance that I nearly fainted. I however called out to the prisoner, "Whatever is the matter, Mr. Wright?" I think he said, "Go and see."

Mr. Edwin (chief clerk): Was he dressed?

Witness: He had his trousers and boots on, but no coat or waistcoat. As soon as he told me to go and see, I went up-stairs into his room, and on opening the door I saw the deceased on her hands and knees, with a fearful gash across her throat, and blood flowing from it. I called out, "For God's sake, Mrs. Wright, what is the matter?" The deceased, in a very feeble voice, said, "He has cut my throat."

Mr. Burcham: Was she dressed?

Witness: Yes, sir, but her clothes were covered with blood, and it seemed to me that she had struggled a great deal. As soon as I discovered her in that state I returned to my own room and roused up the landlady, and having partially dressed myself, we both went down and called in the police.

Did you see the deceased afterwards?—Yes, sir. I returned to the room, and she was then lying on her side, with her head towards the fire-place. There was a pool of blood on each side of the neck, and she was then dead.

Did the prisoner say anything to you before the police arrived?—After I had been up to his room and saw the deceased as described, and when I was dressing in my own room, he came and knocked at my door and wanted to be admitted. I asked him what he wanted. He said, "Open the door," but I told him I should not have anything to say to him until the police arrived. He then went away.

Did he appear to have been drinking?—Oh, no, sir.

How long have you known him?—About four months. I always thought they were man and wife, as they lived so very comfortably.

Do you know the age of the deceased?—I believe her age was about forty-two. I know nothing at all about her friends. She told me some days ago that they were respectable and well-off. That's all I know, sir.

Mr. George Harrup, assistant to Mr. Dodd, surgeon, 88, Waterloo-road, was next called. He said: I was called up by the police a little after four o'clock on Sunday morning to go to No. 11, in the same road. When I got there I saw last witness and the landlady, and proceeded with them to the front room on the second floor, where I found the body of a woman lying on the floor, with her throat cut. She was quite dead. I examined her, and found cuts on each side of the neck, dividing the main arteries, which caused death. A constable was in the room, and he handed me a razor, the blade of which was covered with blood. Such an instrument would cause the wounds in the neck.

Mr. Burcham: Was the prisoner in the room then?

Witness: Yes, sir, standing near the body.

Did you hear him say anything while you were in the room?—Yes, sir. He first asked me for some water, which was handed to him, and as soon as he had drunk it he said, "Take me away as soon as possible, as I can't bear to be here any longer." When the constable handed me the bloody razor, the prisoner exclaimed, "It's all right—I did it with that razor."

Had deceased been dead long before you went into the room?—She did not appear to have been dead many minutes. She had apparently fallen down and rolled over, as there were several pools of blood.

Mr. Burcham (to the prisoner): Do you wish to ask either of these witnesses any questions?

Prisoner: No, sir; I have no question to ask.

Edward Newton, Police-constable 76 L, said: About four o'clock yesterday morning I was on duty in the Waterloo-road, when I heard cries for "police" proceeding from one of the houses in Wellington-terrace. I crossed the road, and found Mrs. Ireland and Mrs. Redbourne at the door of No. 11. They both said that a man had murdered his wife up-stairs. I went up with them to the second-floor front room, and saw the prisoner behind the door. A female was lying on the floor with her head to the fire-place with her throat cut. I sent another constable for the doctor, who immediately attended.

Mr. Burcham: Was the female dead when you entered?

Witness: I believe she was. There were two frightful cuts on the neck, and pools of blood on each side. As soon as I entered the room I said, "What is the matter?" The prisoner came forward and said, "I did it, and it can't be helped." After that the prisoner went up to Mrs. Ireland and shook her hand, asking her to let his friends know the position he was in. I found a razor, the blade of which was bloody, and on picking it up the prisoner exclaimed, "I did it with that." The doctor then attended, and finding the female was dead I took the prisoner into custody.

Was there anything in the room to show that there had been any struggle?—Yes, sir. The floor was very bloody in different places, and the prisoner's shirt, hands, and face had blood on them. I saw a large ivory-handled table knife on the table near the place where the deceased lay. As soon as I took it up the prisoner exclaimed, "That's the knife she took up at me."

John Redbourne was called, but not placed on the depositions. He said. My mother is landlady of the house No. 11, Waterloo-road. The prisoner and the deceased had lodged in the second floor some months. We supposed them to be man and wife, as they lived comfortable and respectable together. I do not know what time they came home on Saturday. About four o'clock in the morning I was, however, roused up by hearing screams in the room, which alarmed everybody in the house. I jumped out of bed, and thinking the house was on fire, I opened the window. Finding such was not the case, I closed the window again; and hearing some one on the stairs, opened the bedroom door, and saw the prisoner coming down with the sleeves of his shirt tucked up, and blood on his hands and face. Mrs. Ireland ran up-stairs at the time, and my mother followed, and the police were called in.

The Chief Clerk: Was the prisoner in the habit of quarrelling with the deceased?

Witness: No, sir, they seemed to live comfortable enough. They went out on Saturday night as happy as possible.

Mr. Burcham (to the constable): Have you any further evidence to offer?

Inspector Young, L division, who had charge of the case, replied that that was all the evidence they had to offer.

Mr. Burcham then cautioned the prisoner in the usual way, and asked him whether he wished to say anything in answer to the charge.

The prisoner looked up, and in a feeble voice said, "I have nothing to say."

Mr. Burcham told him that the evidence was all complete, therefore he should commit him at once to Newgate for trial for the wilful murder of Maria Green.

The prisoner was then removed from the dock by Dounre and gaoler, and conveyed immediately in a cab to Horsemonger-lane gaol, from which place he was subsequently taken to Newgate.

The dense crowd that surrounded the court then dispersed.

The unfortunate victim who perished by the hands of the man Wright, at their residence in the Waterloo-road on Sunday morning last, although she has for the last ten years been leading an immoral life, was formerly moving in a respectable position in society. She was married some years since to a man named Green, by whom she had two children. She was deserted by her husband, and for some time obtained a decent livelihood by working as a dressmaker and milliner, during which period she occupied a house in Garden-row, London-road, Southwark. Being of a lively disposition, and possessing considerable personal attractions, she fell into loose company, and ultimately took to the streets for the support of herself and children, whom she had placed out at school. A few months since, while living in Tennyson-street, York-road, Lambeth, she had a sum of money left her by some of her relatives, the whole of whom are highly respectable, and unfortunately became addicted to habits of intemperance. About this time she made the acquaintance of the man Wright, and after a short time she agreed to live with him, supporting both on the wages of her prostitution. They frequently quarrelled about the proceeds of her immorality, and she had repeatedly threatened to leave him, and a few days since she resolved to carry out her intentions. Both the murderer and his victim had been drinking freely together on Saturday evening, and on one of the usual quarrels about money took place. The man was very illiterate, while the woman was possessed of a superior education, which added to the discomfort of their immoral life.

THE ALABAMA AGAIN AT WORK.—TWO MORE VESSELS DESTROYED.

By the arrival of the India and China mail we learn that the statement that the Alabama had gone to the eastward is correct, and that she had already signalled her arrival in the eastern waters by the destruction of two large American merchantmen off Java Head. From the particulars at present to hand we only know that the Amanda, which is one of the vessels destroyed, under the command of Captain Larrabee, left Manila on the 18th of September last, bound for Cork for orders. The Amanda was a fine clipper barque, built at Maine in 1861, and was owned by Messrs. J. T. Stevens and Co., of that city. Her cargo was a very valuable one, being composed principally of coffee, indigo, pepper, hemp, and tobacco. The other vessel burned was a fine square-rigged clipper ship, called the Winged Racer, Captain Cummings. This vessel left Manila about the 4th of September (we are not certain as to the exact date), and was also taken in with the Alabama off Java Head, captured, and destroyed. The Winged Racer was laden with a most valuable cargo, and bound for New York. She was built at Boston in 1852, was 1,767 tons burthen, and was owned in New York by Messrs. R. J. Taylor. The latest intelligence received from the Mauritius states that the United States war steamer Vanderbilt, Captain Baldwin having been apprised of the new cruising ground of the Confederate cruiser.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE.—The best way of living out this good old maxim is to take care that all the Bread, Puddings, and Pastry consumed by you are made with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER, as directed by the Queen's private baker; by so doing you will avoid suffering from indigestion, and greatly economise your household expenditure.—[Advertisement.]

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It has often struck us most forcibly that many thousands of hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, turkeys, haunches of venison, &c., &c., manage to fall into the hands, by way of presents at Christmas, of those who really do not require them. Hundreds of poor families are almost dinnerless on that day. Yet the wealthy man close by is heaped up with these presents until his already over-stocked larder is so crowded with game of all descriptions, that much of it really spoils for the want of eating, and is thrown away. What waste in all this; and yet how many homes would a few of those fat turkeys or capons make happy on a Christmas! Of what need has this methodical lawyer, or merchant, or whatever he may be, of that fine turkey, *as a present*? At other times, no hob-nailed-booted countryman—rough and ready in garments as well as manner—would have tempted him from his inner sanctum; and now he comes forth (as will be seen in our illustration) with a benign and patronising smile on his countenance, feeling in his pocket for loose change. Will he give the bearer half-a-crown or a "threepenny?" That's a question we cannot answer. True, he looks a benevolent old gentleman; but his pointed, spectacled nose, and the deedy manner in which his "quill-drivers" continue their work, without daring to look towards the plump bird which they would, doubtless, like to have instead of their employer, is a sufficient evidence that he has a keen eye to business. Yet the Christmas present to all, no matter whether we require it or not, brings a happy and pleasurable thought to the mind. It is a grateful feeling that none can shake off. To think that some one has a thought for us at this festive season may induce many a stern heart to relax; and who can tell, perhaps this very Christmas turkey—of intrinsic value not worth a pin to the receiver before us—may send him back to his sanctum with a thought that his hardworking clerks would experience as much pleasure as himself in receiving a Christmas present, and carries out his thought accordingly.

saving that of Christmas. However strict as to discipline on other occasions, the captain invariably relaxes on this day; and, as a matter of course, all officers beneath him follow the guiding principle. It is no unusual thing for the captain, when opportunity may serve, to even announce from the forecastle, that, for that day only, Jack may get fuddled, obfuscated, or drunk, may be—"tis all the same. There are times, however, when poor Jack cannot enjoy himself to his heart's content at the Christmas season. He may have made ample preparation—and our tars at sea can do that in a manner that would surprise many on shore—when a sudden storm will upset all his little arrangements. "Sprung a leak—all hands to the pumps!" is no joyful announcement to usher in Christmas morning; or "Breakers ahead!" from the look-out on Christmas Eve" is not so pleasant as the "Christians, awake," from the Waits at home. When, however, there is an opportunity, as we before observed, to keep up the characteristics of Christmas, our sailors are just the boys to do it. Invites are given by the captain to the senior officers, and they in return will invite the captain, and so on through the ship. But it is with the tars themselves in their several messes round the vessel that we have now to do. Here, as will be seen from our illustration on page 421, all is uproarious merriment. The band on deck playing the "Roast Beef of Old England," has been the signal for Jack to begin; and, with a "Yo heave yo," and a hoisting up of the slack, he has commenced with a will. Every bit of bunting that will serve for decoration now comes into use. Every bit of paper that can be extemporised into a flag by means of a bit of paint is brought into requisition; and when the smoking pudding, round and solid, fit for a 20-inch mortar, is placed on the board, then is Jack happy. Soon the fiddler and the piper tune up, the lark commences, the "song and toast go round," and all is as boisterous in their mirth as our picture so graphically details. Well, Jack, be happy when you can. Yours is a hard and rough lot at times; "and may you always be

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES AND ANNOYANCES.

The idea of Christmas having any annoyances! 'Tis ridiculous! See the jolly old boy, with holly-decked brow, entering on that four-wheeled Rosinette of the nursery, armed with loaded Christmas-tree, and by his side a rare stock of the good things of life. Look on his sparkling eyes. (We beg our readers' pardon. Let them refer to our illustration on page 425.) Now we will start afresh. We imagine you have acknowledged as to his possessing eyes, and genuine sparklers they are, too; and a mouth just showing teeth, with a broad smile, as if he was saying, "How are you all? Here I am again, as happy and jolly as ever!" Who can think of annoyances now? No one. He is turning his eye with merry twinkle on to the dancers, doing a waltz, or the *deux temps*. What matter if you do hitch your foot in a lady's flounced skirt, distended, of course, by crinoline, tearing out all the gathers, and finding yourself laying on the broad of your back in the centre of the ball-room? Oh, there is no annoyance in that—not a bit of it! Or, in a game of forfeits, where you are commanded to kiss every pretty girl in the room—and, of course, *all* are pretty there, even if it be a sour old maid of fifty—no annoyance in that! Or if that Dundreary swell is told to shave off his moustache, under a penalty of drinking a glass of salt and water, or crawling on his hands and knees all round the room! 'Tis Christmas-time, and no annoyance in that—at least, not to the merry lot of young ladies surrounding him. Is there any annoyance to that coy young maiden, whose lover is attempting to snatch a kiss? We believe not, although she is putting up her hand as "if she didn't like it." Oh, no—not she! Do that party in the boxes look annoyed at the antics of the clown? They are inside the theatre now; they have yet to get outside, to find every cab or "bus" full—snowing or raining hard, and four miles to walk home! Yes, very pleasant all this. But that band—oh, horrible! Take out sixpence, and then tell them to "go into the next street." That is



CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.—THE TURKEY

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

'Tis a somewhat difficult thing to reconcile Christmas Day under a scorching sun, with the thermometer varying from 130 to 150 degrees; making merry under a tent, instead of by the side of blazing fires, so characteristic of the festive time in Old England. Christmas Day in Australia presents a wide difference from Christmas at home in the old country. There are no holly-boughs decorating the bright walls, no bright candlesticks, no jolly fires, no hot elder wine—none of those at Christmas times there. Yet, even at the diggings they do make merry, as our illustration on page 421 will abundantly prove. On Christmas Eve the jollity commences. The rough fellows come out of their tents, and commence firing guns and pistols in one continual round from all quarters. Boys shouting, dogs barking, one incessant noise and din, while between the fires the sound of the fiddle, or accordion, or some other portable instrument, is heard to vary the inharmonious sounds. Through the whole night long this terrific noise is maintained, and every minute parched throats are being for the moment slaked with "merry-go-downs" of rum, beer, or brandy at a pound a bottle. In the morning, if any are able to stand this night of boisterous jollification, they take their guns to shoot parrots or cockatoos; or stroll to a neighbouring camp, where those who may be more fortunate than others in the possession of a domestic English wife, have got up something like an appearance of Christmas in the shape of a plum-pudding. No matter where, or under what circumstances, the diggers will enjoy their Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS AT SEA.

Old Jack Tar is a proverbially jolly and merry dog, but on no account is he allowed to go "the extreme latitude" of his desires

able to polish off our foes as clean as you polish off your pudding," is not, perhaps, a toast forgotten on Christmas Day at sea.

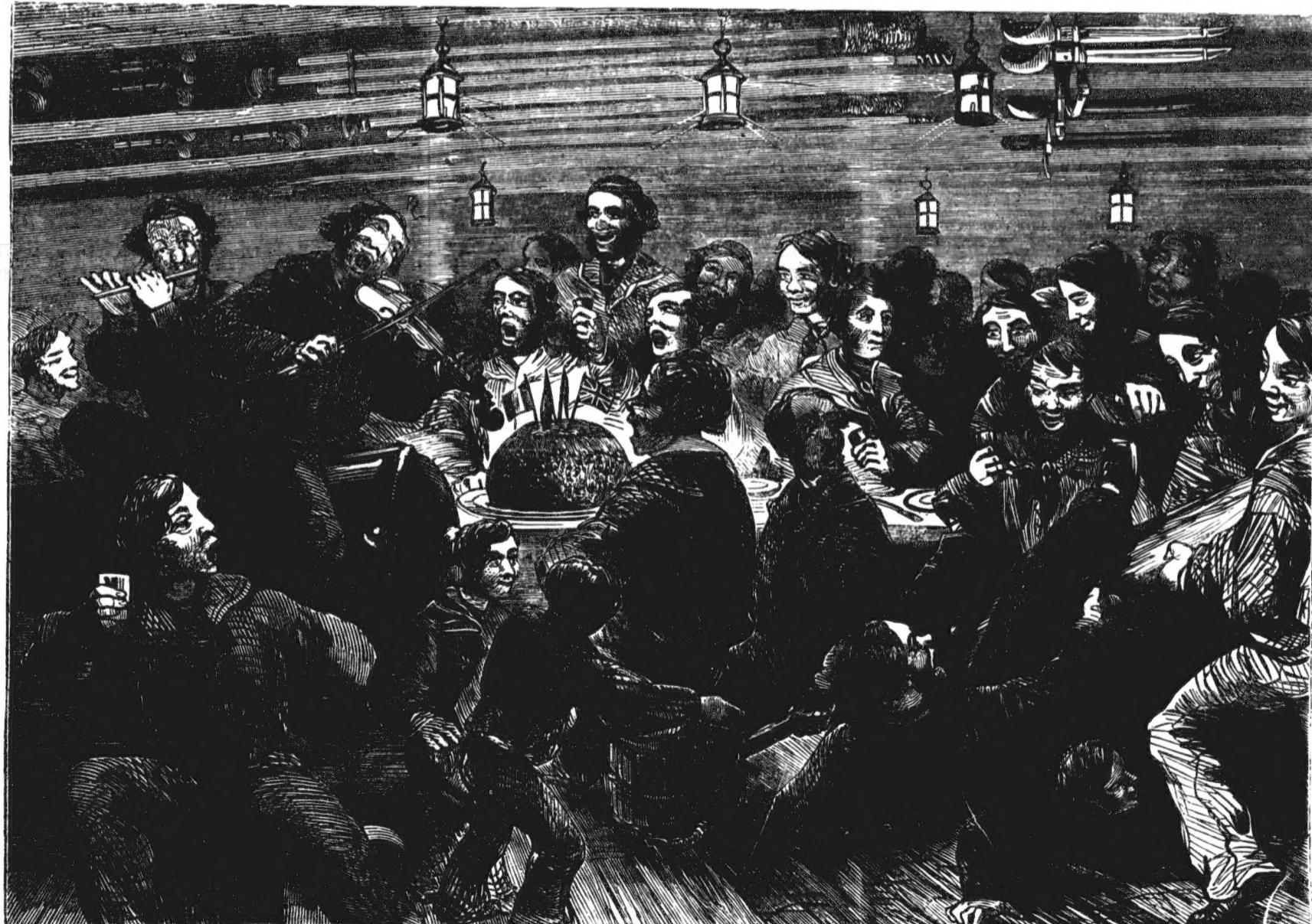
CHRISTMAS-EVE AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

If you wish to see some of the life and bustle of our busy metropolis, pay a visit—as if you had some friends coming up to town—to the railway terminus at Euston-square on Christmas Eve. Never mind the jostling—your hat being knocked off by a railway porter with a heavy box on his shoulders, or being tripped up by one of those handy little runners that have found their way from the mill or the coal-waggon, to the platform stage of the railway termini. It seems everybody's come up to town on that night; and what is more, everybody seems to have more luggage than usual, particularly in the shape of game-baskets. Where all these come from, goodness knows. There must have been a considerable amount of slaughter somewhere. Look where you will, muffled-up figures, male and female, are rushing about in a feverish state of excitement, some looking for friends, others for luggage, some for cabs; while above the din, the bus-conductor's unmistakable voice, "Holborn," "City," "Fleet-street," "St. Paul's," "Charing-cross," "Paddington," and other places ran on with a volubility exceedingly puzzling to the "country cousin." Not the least interesting is the friendly—a little more so, perhaps—hugging and kissing that occasionally goes on as friends meet friends; husbands, wives, mothers, sons, sweethearts, cousins, lovers, and others, all happy at a safe arrival. Lots of shaking hands, hearty inquiries, hurrying, scurrying. But there, let our readers turn to our illustration on the page 424, and we will realise all that is truthful at a railway station on the eve of Christmas Day.

annoying. But worse and worse. Those wretched squallers—got up for the occasion—who are safe to reap a rich harvest by being told to "move on" on Christmas morning. They know you can't send them away then without giving them something; hence they take good care to let you know they are in the streets. Skating is wonderfully pleasant. We love to glide along the ice with the speed of a skyrocket, except when going at such a rate that we come upon the signal "Danger," and are unable to stop ourselves till we are soosed head over heels in a cold bath. That's not annoying. 'Tis the being dragged out by the grappling hooks and along the ice before thousand spectators. There's the annoyance. Say what you will, Christmas is a jolly time—especially the day after; when the postman, the dustman, the turncock, the butcher, the baker, and five thousand more are dunning for Christmas boxes. Poor wretch! we see him now, quite cleared out. Only imagine your answer if you greeted him now with "A merry Christmas to you!" And isn't it enjoyment to bring home a goose from the "Goose Club" on Christmas-eve to the wife and little ones, who are rubbing their little stomachs at the thought of the morrow's feed; and after the good wife has stuffed it with sage and onions, roasted and basted it for three or four hours, to find it so tough that only the stuffing can be eaten! Who says there is any annoyance in that? Does the old lady look annoyed at the snowballs pelting upon her? or is there any annoyance in contemplating the fat proportions of the prize pig, unless it be the thought of the necessity of being compelled to eat it? Look at Paterfamilias again. Shall we say he is annoyed, or the happy troupe around him? He seems such a good-tempered, jolly fellow, we think he had better leave him in the midst of his pleasures. He can have no annoyances, not even if they do pull the buttons off his coat. He will still say, as we do to our readers, "A merry Christmas to you all."



CHRISTMAS DAY IN AUSTRALIA (See page 420.)



CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA. (See page 420.)

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF
REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY,
(No. 811), now publishing, contains the opening chapters of a new
Christmas Tale, entitled

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CHRISTMAS NUMBERS. BOAR'S HEAD.

2.—THE HOLY CART Drawn by A. SLADER.
3.—A YEAR AND A DAY. Christmas Story. Illustrated by BIRKET FOSTER.

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6.—KATE KEARNEY. New Tale. Illustrated by THWAITES.

7.—PORTER OF MRS. STIRLING. By W. G. STANDFAST.

8.—WINTER GARDEN AND FLOWERS. Drawn by F. GILBERT.

9.—THE SEVEN SISTERS. A Tale. Illustrated by PALMER.

10.—NEEDLE WORK. Illustrated.

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NOTICE.

THE CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

(No. 58), with which a

SPLENDID PICTURE

WILL BE

PRESENTED GRATIS.

Will be published on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16th.

Twopence the Two Numbers and Supplement. Free by post,

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Remit the same to J. DICKS, 313, Strand, London

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* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

R. M.—The law requiring public-houses not to open before one o'clock on Sunday morning came into operation in August 1839.

M. J.—Not having seen or heard of your husband for fifteen years, if you marry again no indictment for bigamy could be sustained.

P. Q.—If the debtor has been beyond the seas for the whole period, the statute of limitations is of no avail to him.

R. N.—What is termed the Port of London extends from Gravesend to London-bridge.

BETA.—The first historical record of the introduction of tea into England is an Act of Parliament passed in 1660. The price of tea at that period was 60s. per pound.

T. H. C.—The marriage having been contracted in the name which the lady had assumed and is usually known by is valid, unless the irregularity was resorted to for the purposes of fraud.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.

H. W. L. R.

D.	S.	Miss Bronte died, 1848	8 42	9 17
19	S	Fourth Sunday in Advent	9 51	10 28
20	S	Prince Albert interred	11 5	11 39
21	M	Sun rises, 8h. 6m., sets, 3h. 51m.	—	0 7	
22	T	Terrible gale in the Atlantic, 1811	0 35	0 58	
23	W	Rugby Miller shot himself, 1856	1 23	1 46	
24	T	CHRISTMAS DAY	2 7	2 22	
25	F	MOON'S CHANGES.—Full Moon, 25th, 2 50 a.m.	—		

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

St. John; Eccles, 5.

AFTERNOON.

Rev. 1; Eccles, 6.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

TO THE TRADE AND THE PUBLIC.

In next week's number of the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS will be given a

GRAND TWO-PAGE ENGRAVING,

Drawn by W. MC CONNELL,

Illustrating

GETTING UP THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

The Rehearsal. The Wardrobe.

The Files. The Carpenter's Workshop.

The Green Room. The Painting Room.

The Property Rooms. Scene Shifting.

Continuation of the Popular Story "Highland Jessie; or, Lota, the Indian Maid," &c.

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the jury that they were bound to find the prisoner guilty, and the jury did their duty in returning that verdict. An ingenious attempt was made by Mr. Macaulay to prove that the prisoner was not responsible for his actions, and following the usual custom on such occasions he called Dr. Forbes Winslow to prove his case. That distinguished specialist was of opinion that the mind of Townley was such as to relieve him from responsibility. "He looked," says Dr. Winslow, "upon Miss Goodwin in the light of a wife who had committed adultery, and having, according to his conviction, so acted, he was justified in killing her." That Townley's mind was in a disordered condition may be admitted, but a defective judgment or even a perverted moral sense has never been considered conclusive proof of insanity. When self-control is lost there are precipices of passion down which the fever-stricken human mind rushes into abysses of madness and crime. The hate of love is sometimes so overpowering that men with their eyes open are driven almost irresistibly to commit acts which nevertheless they know to be wrong. This may palliate their guilt, but it cannot relieve them from responsibility. It is well settled that no man is to be excused from responsibility, if at the time of committing a crime he knows the distinction between right and wrong. An eccentric man may think that under certain circumstances he is entitled to take the law into his own hands, but if he acts upon this principle when he is perfectly aware that this is forbidden, he must suffer the punishment which the wilful violation of law entails. Society cannot subsist if every man is to be allowed to do with impunity whatever seems to himself right.

THE LATE LORD ELGIN.

JAMES BRUCE, eighth Earl of Elgin, and twelfth Earl of Kincardine, Baron Bruce in the peerage of Scotland and of England, Lord Lieutenant of Fifeshire, K.T., G.O.B., F.S.A., and D.O.L., whose death on 20th November last is announced, was born in Park-lane, London, on July 20, 1811, and was educated at Eton, whence, in due time, he passed to Christ Church, Oxford. There he was the contemporary of Lord Canning and Dalhousie, of Gladstone, Liddell, Sidney Herbert, and a distinguished knot of public men who entered public life about the same time. He closed a distinguished career as undergraduate in 1832, by taking a first class in *litera humaniora*, and was shortly afterwards elected to a fellowship at Merton College. He did not enter parliament until the general election of 1841, when the recent death of his elder half-brother (Lord Bruce) having made him heir to the earldom, he was chosen M.P. for Southampton in the Conservative interest, bearing at the time the title of Lord Bruce. His father's death, however, occurring within three or four months, raised him to the Scotch peerage, which disqualified him for a seat in the Lower House. At a period of great political agitation in the West Indies he was appointed Governor-General of Jamaica. He was very popular and indefatigable in his new position, and gained great credit for administrative ability whilst in the West Indies. In 1846 he was selected by Earl Grey, who then held the colonial seals, to fill the official post of Governor and Captain General of Canada, in spite of the fact that his family ties and his personal predilections both conspired to bind him to the Peelite party. This was at the period when the boundary question between America and England was in dispute, and Lord Elgin, by the prudence and administrative ability he showed at that critical period, gained for himself that great name which no doubt afterwards induced the Government to select him for most important diplomatic missions, and ultimately for the post of Viceroy of our Indian empire. In Canada Lord Elgin became as efficient and as popular as he had proved himself in Jamaica, carrying into effect the conciliatory policy which had been initiated by his father-in-law, the late Earl of Durham. By means of this dignified neutrality he conciliated those who had been previously more or less disaffected, and developed the resources of the colony as one of the first of our commercial and agricultural dependences, more especially in its export manufactures; thus securing the good opinion at once of the colonists and of the Ministry at home. The result was that Canada, from being one of the most troublesome, grew gradually, under his moulding hands, into one of the most loyal and peaceable of our colonies, and one of the most valuable too, as the events of the past twenty years have shown. In 1849, Lord John Russell, at that time Prime Minister, was so convinced of the excellence of Lord Elgin's administrative ability, by its success, that he recommended her Majesty to bestow on him a mark of her favour by conferring a seat in the House of Peers. He was accordingly created Baron Elgin, in the peerage of the United Kingdom.

He returned to England from Canada towards the close of 1851. On his return, a public dinner was given to him in London, at which the present Earl Russell presided, and many members of former Administrations, both Conservative and Liberal, assembled to do him honour. His lordship held no post under the Aberdeen Ministry, nor in that which rose upon its ruins. In March, 1857, the deceased earl was sent as plenipotentiary to China. On his way out to the East he heard of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny, and by a happy act of sound judgment, which was invited, indeed, by the Viceroy, diverted to India a large portion of the troops that were under orders for China, and thus strengthened the hands of Lord Canning. While the mutiny in India proceeded in its course, Lord Elgin was pushing on his own line of policy in China, the results of which he beheld in the taking of Canton, and in the signing of the treaty of Tien-tsin.

The story of the remainder of Lord Elgin's career is well known. Returning to England, he became Postmaster-General under Lord Palmerston, in 1859, but was shortly afterwards again despatched to China, to maintain the dignity of the English name, by insisting on the reception of his brother, Sir Frederick Bruce, at Pekin. Our readers will not have forgotten how he carried his point, and how thoroughly he humbled the pride of the head of the Celestials. Suffice it to say that the capture of Pekin prepared the way for the treaty signed there in October, 1860, under which the commerce of that vast country has been thrown open to Europeans, and which will, probably, result in breaking down the chief barriers that have hitherto stood in the way of the introduction of Western civilization among the many millions who are reckoned as subjects of the Chinese empire. The same beneficial effect may be expected ultimately to follow from the commercial treaty the late earl was instrumental in concluding with Japan, although for the time being the stipulations of that treaty have, by the hostility of a faction, been suspended.

Scarcely had he returned to the shores of England, with laurels freshly gathered, when he was selected to succeed Earl Canning in that splendid but fatal prize for statesmen's competition, the Vice-royalty of India.

The earl married, firstly, on the 22nd of April, 1841, Elizabeth Mary, the only child of Charles Lennox Onslow Bruce, Esq., M.P., of Rossie, county of Birkdale, by whom he has issue an only child, Lady Emma Bruce. Being left a widower in 1843 he married secondly, in November 1846, the Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, eldest surviving daughter of John George, first Earl of Durham, by whom he has left issue a youthful family. His third son died early this year; his eldest son and successor is Victor Alexander, Lord Bruce, who was born in May, 1849, and who is now at Eton, and by his father's early death, succeeds to the honours, estates, and representation of the family of Bruce.

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DESPERATE STRUGGLE WITH BURGLARS.

THE *Birmingham Daily Post* gives an account of a desperate encounter with burglars early on Saturday morning last, at the residence of Mr. James Chivers, 45, Hagley-road, Birmingham. It appears that Mr. and Mrs. Chivers and their two daughters had been sitting up late on Friday evening, and shortly before twelve o'clock they heard footsteps on the gravel walk in the front garden. Mr. Chivers looked out, and saw two men in the causeway in front of the gate, and thinking it somewhat suspicious, he sat up while Mrs. Chivers and the daughters went to bed, and he took the precaution to bring out a life-preserver which was in the house. A second time he heard footsteps behind the house; but the noise he made in unlocking the gate alarmed them, and they went away. Thinking it unlikely they would return after being disturbed twice, he returned, threw off his coat, waistcoat, and trousers, and sat down in an easy chair in the front sitting-room, toying with the life-preserver while listening for further noises. In this position he must have fallen asleep, but how long he slept he knew not, as he was awakened by the barking of the dog. He felt very cold, and the life-preserver in his hand reminded him of his previous fears. His first thought was that while he had been sleeping the thieves might have broken into the house. There was only a small nightlight burning in his room, Mrs. Chivers was asleep, and all the other members of the household had retired to rest. He believed and fancied he heard stealthy footsteps upon the landing outside. Without a moment's hesitation he opened the door, and in the darkness he discerned a man coming out of an ante-room which communicates with the school-room. On the impulse of the moment Mr. Chivers went towards him, put his hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Halloo." The fellow turned round, and striking Mr. Chivers a blow upon the head, made for the stairs. Fortunately this blow did not take the desired effect, and Mr. Chivers returned it with interest. Standing two or three steps above the burglar as he was descending the stairs, Mr. Chivers struck him such a swinging blow with the life-preserver upon the head that the fellow dropped, and would have fallen head foremost down the stairs but that Mr. Chivers held him by the collar. It was almost a pity that Mr. Chivers showed so much consideration. For a few seconds the fellow was stunned, and Mr. Chivers thought he had killed him; but he rallied sufficiently to have an idea that the sooner he got out of the place the better, and gathering himself up, he said, "Oh, let me go." He staggered down stairs, bleeding profusely from the wound upon his head, and made for the kitchen, where the gas had been lighted, followed by Mr. Chivers. He went towards the scullery door, and there he fell down the steps, apparently confused by the effects of the blow, and Mr. Chivers fell with him. As soon as he found that Mr. Chivers was upon the ground, it seemed to occur to him that his best chance of getting away would be to disable that gentleman, and he rolled over him again and again, struck him in the mouth and upon the head, kicked him in a vital part, and tried to wrest the life-preserver from him. He had tried to lay hold of a heavy wooden bar, which had been forced off in breaking open the scullery door, but Mr. Chivers kicked that out of his reach. In fact, they had a most desperate struggle upon the ground. Mr. Chivers thought he was pretty sure of his man, so let him get up, telling him that if he did not keep quiet he would get another taste of the life-preserver. The fellow then went into the yard, apparently with the intention of departing over the wall by the same way that he had got in, but finding himself too weak for this he returned into the scullery, and sank exhausted into a chair. Mr. Chivers still keeping close to him. At that moment a second burglar, who had up to this time, unknown to Mr. Chivers, been "getting a few things ready" in the front room, and had most probably only just heard the interruption, dashed into the kitchen, seized a heavy pair of tongs, and brandishing them over his head, said, "You —, I will split your — skull open if you come near me." Mr. Chivers had, on hearing the entrance of burglar No. 2, run up the steps from the scullery into the kitchen. He saw that the crisis had come, and, without pausing to parley or even to consider, he dashed at the fellow, and administered with his life-preserver such a crashing blow upon the fellow's shoulder that he dropped the tongs, his arm fell powerless, and he also sunk down writhing with agony. Mr. Chivers thinks he must have broken the ruffian's collar-bone, for the contortions of his face were horrible. Two burglars were thus placed *sors de combat*, and the odds were all in favour of Mr. Chivers, when the tables were turned by the entrance of a third burglar, who must have come from down stairs. At a glance this fellow seemed to comprehend the position of affairs. He saw one of his comrades almost senseless and smothered with blood, and another writhing with a disabled arm. He picked up the tongs which the second man had dropped, and swore that if Mr. Chivers approached him he would make him a corpse at his feet. In this position they stood for a few seconds looking at each other, and hesitating whether the deadly attack, for deadly it immediately would have been, should begin. This third burglar was a bigger and more powerful man than either of the other two, and Mr. Chivers began to feel exhausted by the struggle. His mouth was so parched that he could not open his lips. He went back into the scullery and held his mouth under the water-tap to refresh himself. In that brief time the burglars had determined that they had better get away as soon as possible. On returning to the kitchen, he saw the two last comers helping their broken-headed comrade into the hall, and out they went by the front door, which, by the way, they had previously unfastened to make good their escape if disturbed. Mr. Chivers followed his visitors to the door, watched them cross the road, and saw them climb a wall on the opposite side. Mr. Chivers went back into the house, intending to dress and follow them, but a reaction after the previous excitement set in, and he became violently sick and ill. He remembers nothing further until he found himself in bed next morning, his face and hands scratched, his body bruised, and his shirt smothered with blood, which had flowed from the head of the first burglar. The most singular thing is, that neither Mrs. Chivers nor any of the family heard anything of the struggle. On coming down stairs, and examining the premises, the operations of the thieves could be traced from beginning to end. They had made themselves at home in the pantry, paying great attention to the wine. From almost all the rooms they had taken various articles, and had them packed up ready for removal. The probability is, that after having had their supper the three men made a thorough overhaul of the rooms down stairs, and, having made their selections, burglar No. 3 was left to pack up while the other two went to reconnoitre and pick up waifs and strays in the up-stairs department. Burglar No. 2 must have been on his voyage of discovery when the first man was caught, and No. 3 was so busy in getting the spoil together that he did not hear the struggle until the second man was disabled. As it was they had their labour in vain, and two of them have got a sound thrashing into the bargain. It is fortunate for Mr. Chivers that he did not come upon the three men together, or he might have got very roughly handled. The stairs, the passage, the kitchen, and the scullery were literally covered with blood which had down from the head of the first robber. Mr. Chivers has a few bruises and scratches, but nothing of serious moment. In stature Mr. Chivers is below the average of small men.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLCOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable and noiseless. Warranted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at No. 185, Regent-street. [Advertisement.]

AN ISLE OF WIGHT MURDER.

At the coroner's inquest on the body of an unfortunate woman, named Mary Ann Phillips, the following evidence was adduced:— Samuel Saunders deposed: I live at Weeks's, and am a boatman, seventy-four years of age. Have seen the body of deceased, Mary Ann Phillips, aged fifty, a daughter of my wife before I married her. She has a husband living. Been separated from her husband about five years. She has been living about two years with Robert Hallett. They lived at St John's-road since Michaelmas. Hallett is a farm labourer. No one lived in the house but Hallett, Phillips, and Hallett's son, about fourteen years of age. There are two rooms in the house, one up-stairs, and one down. Hallett and Phillips slept up-stairs, and the son down stairs. I was at Hallett's house on Tuesday evening about seven o'clock. Robert and George Hallett and the deceased were in the house; they appeared on very good terms. I remained there all the evening. We had during the evening three half-gallons of six-penny beer, of which they all partook. The deceased also drunk half-a-quart of British brandy. Some beer was left on the table. The deceased fetched part, and I and Robert Hallett remained. We fetched the brandy. I carried it in my pocket and gave it to the deceased. I received it direct from the man who served it. I do not think deceased drank so much as either Hallett or myself. During the evening they had a few words about a woman named Caroline Pickering, who had been living for a short time with Hallett, and deceased said she did not wish to live with him any more. After that they became friendly and danced and sung together; they went on peacefully during the remainder of the evening. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I went out of the house, when Hallett asked me to come back, and said I could sleep with the boy. I went back, and after twelve o'clock the boy and I went to bed together in the up-stairs room. Hallett and the deceased said they would sleep on the sofa. When I went to bed I left them in the down-stairs room, peacefully and quiet. At the time I went to bed we were all a little elevated in what we had to drink, but not to say drunk, and I perfectly recollect everything that took place. I went to bed, and went to sleep in a few minutes, but was awakened during the night by hearing my daughter saying "Father, father!"—not loudly. I took no notice of it, but went to sleep again. After some time something awoke me and the boy together; we both jumped out of bed at the same time. I heard no sound. I told the boy to get a light as fast as he could. He did so, and we went down-stairs together. I there saw my daughter on the floor, on her face, with blood around her. She was partly dressed, and Robert Hallett was lying at her left side, between her and the sofa, with his head on her shoulder; he had nothing on but his flannel shirt. While looking at him I saw him throw off his shirt, and snatch at the sheet from the sofa, and cover himself with it as far as the shoulders. His head was downward, therefore I could not see the state of his throat. I said to the boy, "Open the door, and go and call Cooper up." The door was locked at which we wanted to get out. The boy broke it open with the poker and a billhook; the door was the one leading into Albert-street. We both went and called Mr. Cooper, and he came back with us. When we returned Hallett and the deceased were lying in the same position I had first seen them. I may have been gone six or seven minutes, or perhaps more. Cooper went for the police, and I remained in the room. I did not touch either of the bodies. I spoke to Hallett, but he did not make any reply. Cooper quickly returned with the sergeant of the police. I did not see the knife until I saw it in some person's hand, but I don't know whose; I cannot say whether before or after the police came. It was covered with blood, and I believe that produced to be the same. There were no eatables cut with the knife. I do not know if Hallett had any knives the same as that I saw covered with blood. The parties never agreed for long together. On Tuesday evening Hallett said to deceased in my presence, "If I do not have you no other man shall," and I have heard him say that on previous occasions. He never struck her in my presence. During the evening he several times took her around the neck and kissed her, but she turned her head away. She has several times left him, and he went after her, and she went back to live with him again. That has occurred within the last month. I think she went back on the 1st of this month. There was smoking as well as drinking during the evening.

Several other witnesses were examined, but their evidence did not differ materially from that of Samuel Saunders.

The Coroner briefly, but hurriedly, summed up, pointing out the law of the case, and commenting with much acuteness upon the evidence.

The jury, after a consultation, occupying, perhaps, about ten minutes, returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Robert Hallett.

EXTRAORDINARY BIGAMY CASE AT SUNDERLAND.

At Sunderland, John Grieve, lately assistant civil engineer to the River Wear commissioners, was charged with bigamy. The history of the man is somewhat peculiar. In September, 1856, he was married to Matilda Blench, at Bishopton Church, describing himself as a professor of mathematics, named John Dixon Grieves, and the son of barrister. He was, in fact, at this time engaged at the Tyne Docks. After living with his wife a month he left her, and was not heard of till May, 1862, when he wrote from Glasgow Gaol, asking for a few postage stamps and some letters to comfort him. He soon afterwards obtained his appointment under the Wear commissioners. While employed thus in Sunderland, he called at the shop of a Miss Walde, and introduced himself by saying he knew the late Mr. Walde, banker, of Keighley, and asked if she was any relation. A few days afterwards Miss Walde received a letter proposing marriage, in which the defendant said he had never met with any one he could love but her. After a few inquiries she consented, and they were married on October 23. Three days afterwards he left for Liverpool to obtain a situation, and wrote several times asking for money, which was always sent to him, till the unfortunate lady discovered that he had been previously married. He was apprehended in Ireland, and on Dec. 3 his second wife received the following letter from him, dated from the Sunderland prison:— "Through the goodness of Mr. Stansby, I am permitted to drop you a few lines. How strange and mysterious are the ways of Providence! Little did I know the last Sabbath that I spent with you that you would be the means of sending me here. I look to the future with trembling despair. Good heavens! what a situation I am in. The sight of a silent green field and the great silent sky above it—oh, why should it be denied mortal man? But there is a day coming in the history of mankind—that grand universal inquest when the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open; it will be known then how I was so treacherously betrayed by the Blanches. They drugged my drink and made me quite stupid. They had the license and the ring prepared. I have no more recollection of that fatal day than I have of the deluge that destroyed the earth. The clergyman, when he saw that I was stupid with drink, said he had committed a most illegal act in reading the service. The Blanches know this right well, and they have no claim upon me. I am truly sorry for you; but you must remember that you are and will be my wife in the sight of heaven. I married you with my will, but never any other. I am heavy-hearted, lonesome, and sad. I do not know what to do—a long, dreary winter in prison. New Year's day was the day appointed to commence my situation in Liverpool. Oh, what a change. I am very hungry. For the days that are departed, will you not condescend to send me a small piece of something to eat?" A number of witnesses were called to prove that the statement of his being intoxicated at the wedding was entirely untrue, and he was committed for trial.

HORRIBLE TREATMENT OF A LUNATIC.

A SHOCKING case of ill-treatment of a lunatic has been brought to light near Falmouth, and the facts of the case are thus given in the *Western Morning News*:—

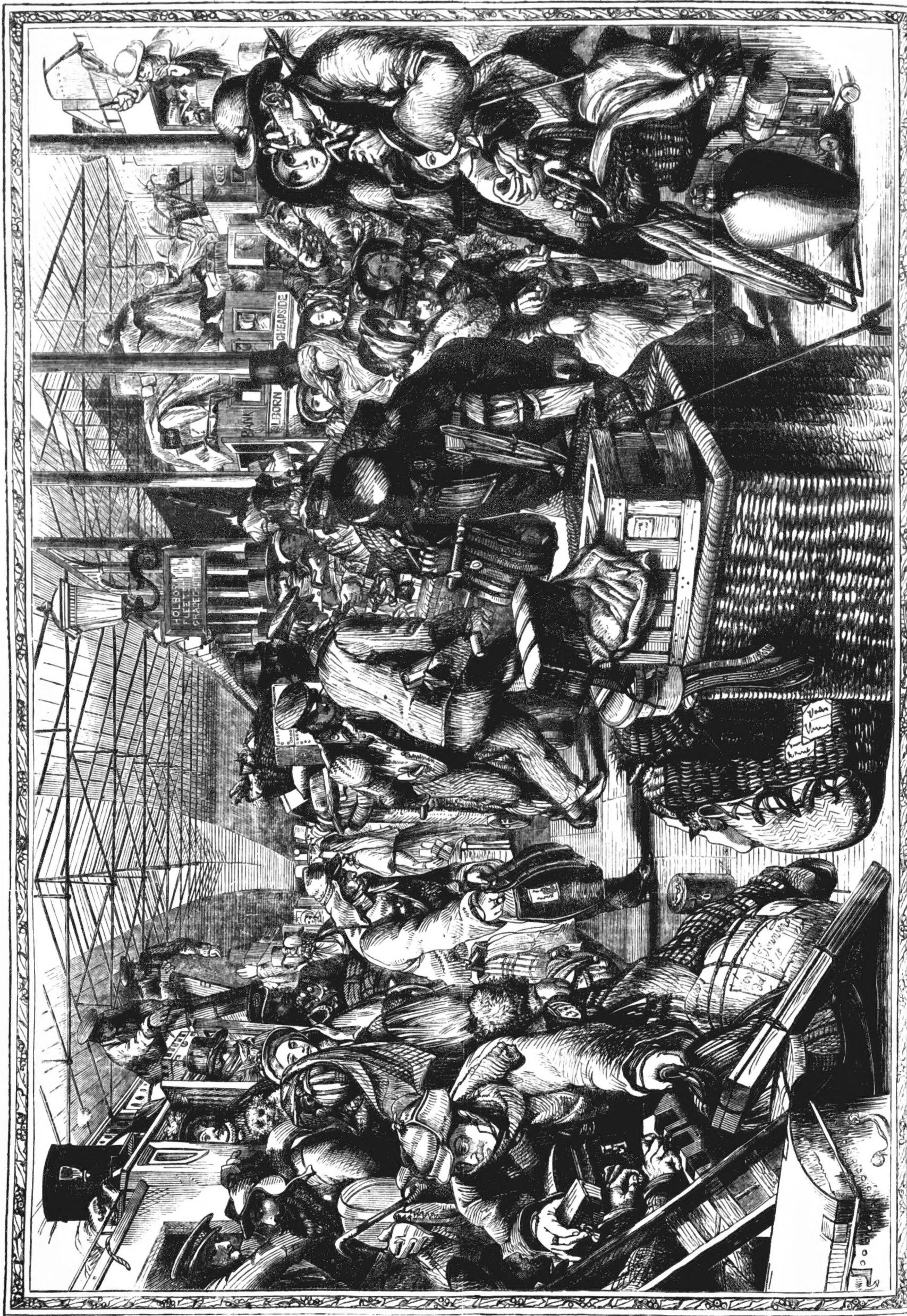
"The unhappy victim is Robert Porter, and he was located with his brother, Samuel Porter, a builder residing at Flushing. Dr. Pyrne, a physician, who some time ago lived at Flushing for the benefit of his health, but who is now resident and practising at Falmouth, heard while residing at the little village statements which appeared at the time to be almost incredible with reference to the disgraceful treatment of a lunatic. He made inquiries with regard to the truth of the reports, and having traced the rumours to a tangible point, he reported the facts to the Commissioners in Lunacy. Last week, in pursuance of the provisions of the 12th and 13th sections of the 8th and 9th Vict., c. 100, a warrant under the hand of Sir George Grey, Home Secretary, was received, appointing and directing Robert Wilfred Skeffington Lutwidge and James Wilkes, Esq., Commissioners in Lunacy, and Theodore Edward Dixon Byrne, Esq., physician at Falmouth, or any two of them, to visit the lunatic, and to inspect the house, &c. The two first-mentioned commissioners arrived at Falmouth on Thursday, and having put themselves in communication with Dr. Byrne, these three gentlemen proceeded to the residence of Samuel Porter, at Flushing, when, having satisfied themselves of the truth of the most flagrant of the allegations, they, upon the suggestion of Mr. Wilkes, sent for a county magistrate, in order that he might witness the horrible condition in which the poor man was found. Mr. J. Knill Kinsman shortly afterwards arrived and inspected the loathsome den and the condition of the lunatic. On calling at Samuel Porter's, an objection, it is said, was first made to the commissioners seeing the poor man; but having stated their determination to do so, and the authority and cause of their visit, further resistance was useless, and the three gentlemen proceeded to a room at the back of the house. On the door being opened a horrible stench was felt. There was no means of communication with the dwelling-house, the doorway having been built up, and the access being from the garden. The walls of the room were wet, drops of water falling therefrom, and covered with excrement. On the floor was some dirty straw, covered with filth, and in the room a tin pan, which had been used by the lunatic as a pillow; there was also a pewter pot in the room in a filthy state, out of which it is said the lunatic partook of his victuals. The floor was covered with an accumulation of filth, and in this disgusting place was found the lunatic. When the commissioners entered he was partaking of abominable substances; he was quite naked, and lay on some boards, covered by wet and dirty sacking. He was quite doleful; his head was covered with several wounds; the skirting of the room was decayed, admitting the east wind; his knees, from the position in which he had so long lain, were drawn up to his chin; there were also sores and ulcers on his legs, and his hip and knee joints were quite stiff. For his bed were placed a few bare battens, raised a few inches from the floor, and placed nearly a foot apart from each other. The poor fellow, who was formerly a fine man, was now little more than a skeleton, and presented an intolerably disgusting appearance in every respect. It appears that the lunatic was a mason, and has been in the custody of his brother Samuel, who is about three years his junior, for the past eleven years. About eight months since Samuel removed from another house in Flushing, and the lunatic was huddled into a wheelbarrow in the middle of the night, and put into the room where he has ever since been confined, and where filth of all kinds has been allowed to accumulate. The room window was never seen open, and it is said that no one but the brother or his wife were permitted to go near this place, although the lunatic is stated to possess sufficient property to support him comfortably. The brother owns some property at Flushing, and the lunatic, it is alleged, is entitled to a portion under the will of his father, who died about fifteen years since, when the lunatic was left in charge of his sister Charlotte. She left for America about ten years ago, since which time the poor creature has been under the care of his brother Samuel. The father's will (if any) has not been proved, nor have letters of administration been obtained. Samuel has a brother-in-law residing with him, who is a superannuated officer of the customs, in receipt of upwards of £100 a year. An order having been obtained for the removal of the unfortunate being to the County Lunatic Asylum at Bodmin and it having become known that this would take place on Sunday afternoon, much excitement was created, and a concourse of persons—probably between 2,000 and 3,000 in number—visited the village for the purpose of endeavouring to catch a glimpse of the sufferer. The excitement among the people was intense, and had Samuel presented himself he would not have been tenderly dealt with. Dr. Byrne, however, had made arrangements by which any serious consequences were prevented. About half-past four o'clock the poor creature was removed to the asylum in a carriage which had been sent from Bodmin for the purpose. It is understood that the case will shortly be brought under the official notice of the magistrates."

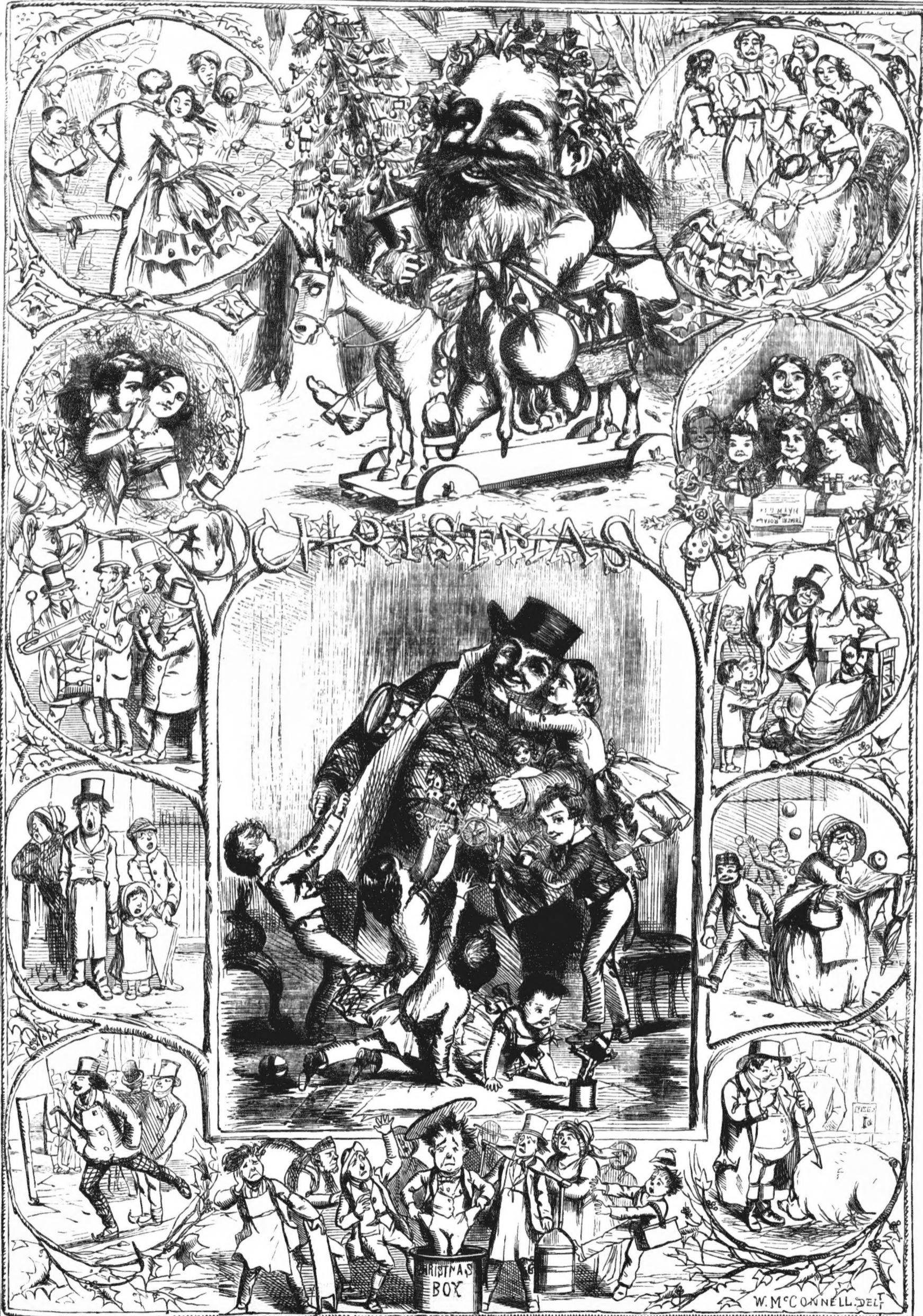
THE RUSSIAN HAYNAU.—The *Europe* records the following strange act on the part of General Mouravieff:—"In the early part of last week he went on horseback to the barracks of St. Ignace and Kazimierz, accompanied by a number of his subordinates, and after inspecting those establishments he set out on his return home. While passing through one of the streets, he heard a blackbird whistling the air of 'Poland is not lost.' To alight from his horse and enter the house was the work of an instant. The owner of the bird, a lad of fourteen, his father and his mother, with a child at her breast, were brutally arrested, and the military governor of Lithuania, with his own hand, wrung the neck of the offending songster. The father of the lad who had reared the bird was taken with his family into the market-place, where he received 100 lashes from a knout, his wife fifty, and the lad thirty stripes from a rod. The father fainted, and was carried off to the hospital, and the mother and her children dragged off to prison."

THE KING OF SWEDEN AND THE INNKEEPER.—"I have received from Stockholm," says a correspondent of the *Phare de la Loire*, "an anecdote, of the authenticity of which I have been assured, and which I relate here for the edification of hotel-keepers who lodge literary men. One evening last month two horsemen alighted at the best hotel at Calmar, in Gotland. The landlord, who was at first most attentive to his guests, could not conceal a slight grimace when one of them, the elder, wrote on the hotel register his name. 'Charles, a literary man.' The travellers left next morning, but on the same day an orderly officer brought the following note to the master of the hotel:—'Sir—I intended to stay a week at Calmar, but seeing that you did not consider yourself greatly honoured by lodging an author, I have returned to Stockholm.' The letter was signed 'Charles, a literary man, and King of Sweden.' King Charles XV is, in fact, an author, and has just published a new collection of poetry."

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A CAPITAL CHRISTMAS WRITING-CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps), fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Blotting-book, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 25,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKINS and GORRO, 25, Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]





RAILWAY STATION AT EUSTON SQUARE ON CHRISTMAS EVE. (See page 420.)

CHRISTMAS PLEASURES AND ANNOYANCES. (See page 420.)

General News.

It was estimated a few days ago that a lady, recently deceased, had bequeathed about £40,000 to Mr. Benjamin Disraeli. The testatrix was Mrs. Brydges Willyams; she resided many years at Mount Braddon, Torquay, and when she died she had attained the extraordinary age of ninety-three years. The deceased lady was of Jewish descent, and of a Spanish family. Mr. Disraeli, as her executor, has given directions for the house and furniture to be sold. Some men, it seems, entered the house on Monday night, by breaking a pane of glass and removing a shutter in the window of one of the lower rooms. They were disturbed, however, by the house dog, and decamped precipitately, taking with them only a few trifling articles.—*Western Morning News*.

MR. RICHARD BIND, of Bradford, hairdresser, whose wife presented him with three daughters at one birth, has since received from her Majesty the Queen, through Colonel Phipps, a gift of a sovereign for each of the three daughters.

SINCE January last, rather more than ten months, twenty-four marines have been flogged at Woolwich, the number of lashes inflicted being 1,200. This is exclusive of the men who have had their sentences of fifty lashes commuted to a term of imprisonment, and twenty-five lashes in the prison.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has been unwell, but a late despatch says his health had improved, and he would soon be able to resume his duties.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY W. BRUCE, K.C.B., has been granted the good service pension placed at the disposal of the Admiralty by the recent death of Admiral Ayscough.

CAPTAIN S. GREENFELL and Captain A. C. Key, C.B., were on Saturday granted the captain's good service pension, vacant by the promotion to the rank of rear-admiral of Captain B. J. Sullivan, C.B., and Captain G. Giffard, C.B.

A LETTER from Warsaw states that the Russian authorities on the Polish frontier have received instructions not to permit Mr. J. Pope Hennessy, M.P., to enter Poland, information having been received that that gentleman contemplated a visit to that country in order to convince himself in person of the atrocities committed by the Russians.

THE original United States consisted of thirteen States, viz., seven Northern Free States, and four Southern and two Border Slave States. Twenty-two States have been added to the original ones between 1791 and 1863, viz., thirteen Northern Free States, and seven Southern and two Border Slave States. The Border Slave States are Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri. Between 1791 and 1845 six Free and twelve Slave States were added, and between 1846 and 1863 seven Northern Free and no Slave States have been annexed. Besides the thirty-five States, the district of Columbia and the territories of Washington, Utah, New Mexico, Nevada, Nebraska, Dakota, and Colorado belong to the United States.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN have appeared in Melbourne, and been well received.

THE Emperor of Russia has commanded a large supply of heavy steel shot and shell to be forthwith forwarded to the imperial arsenals. The manufacture of these missiles is partly to be carried on in Russia and partly in England. Messrs. John Brown and Co., of the Atlas Works, Sheffield, have already received directions to prepare with all despatch for shipment 5,000 large shot, carefully prepared under the Bessemer process.

IT is with deep regret that we announce the death of Mrs. Gilbert, the wife of the beloved Bishop of Chichester. The melancholy event occurred at the palace, on Thursday morning last, at ten minutes to twelve o'clock, in the presence of the bishop and the greater portion of her family. Mrs. Gilbert was sixty-four years of age. Her loss will, indeed, be severely felt by her devoted husband and children and a very large circle of friends. The poor will also have cause to lament the loss of a truly sympathising and generous friend.—*Surrey Standard*.

GENERAL FLEURY, aide-de-camp and principal equerry to the Emperor, left on Monday for Copenhagen to compliment the King of Denmark on his accession to the throne. It is rumoured that General Fleury's mission will not be confined to Copenhagen, and that he may extend it to St. Petersburg, where he will have an audience of the Emperor Alexander.

AN American paper states that a scheme is under consideration for warming houses from a central source, and supplying citizens with heat as gas is now supplied.

THE Liverpool creditors of the Great Eastern steamer met again on Monday to consider the two schemes of the formation of a new company, in which the creditors shall stand as paid up shareholders, and the disposal of the ship by lottery. The opinion was decidedly in favour of the latter project, particularly as it was ascertained that counsel in London had reported in favour of its practicability. The arrangements for the lottery would be carried out at Frankfort-on-the-Main, though the shares would be all held in England. It is proposed to have 200 prizes, ranging from £10,000 to £250.

We regret to announce the death, after a lingering illness, of Dr. William Barney Parkes, who expired at his residence, Inverness-terrace, Kensington-gardens. The deceased gentleman a few years ago married Miss Amy Sedgwick, the actress.

THE memorial to the late Prince Consort erected in St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, by Baron Marochetti, has cost about £230, which has been raised by public subscriptions.

THE death is announced of Mr. Godfrey, the veteran bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, which honourable position he had filled for nearly forty years. Some of the most popular instrumentalists of the day had been under his tutorage. Mr. Godfrey, who was in his seventy-fifth year, had the esteem of his officers, and likewise those under his command. He was only ill a few hours.

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness had been felt at Calais during the last week as to the fate of the fishing-boats belonging to that port, which were missing since the heavy gales. The worst misgivings have now been realised, as information has reached that town that the two boats are lying with their hulls submerged on sand-banks in the waters of Ostend. There is no doubt that the entire crews, numbering thirteen or fourteen persons, have perished.

THE Europe of Frankfort publishes an account of a strange case of poisoning at Wiesbaden, some days back, after a wedding dinner, at which about twenty persons were present. In the evening a dance was organized, when, during a quadrille, the bride, Mdlle. Von Puyenbroek, was taken suddenly ill. Medical assistance was obtained, but unmistakable symptoms of poisoning declared themselves, and the young lady expired a few hours later, it is supposed from something eaten at dinner. Either from the grief occasioned by this unexpected calamity or from the effects of some unwholesome food, the bridegroom died two days after in great agony. With the exception of a few slight cases of indisposition the other persons present escaped.

THE Lyons journals announce the death in that city of an unmarried woman named Allumbert, at the age of one hundred and two years, six months, and twenty-four days. For some years past the deceased had been confined to her room by bodily infirmities, but retained her mental faculties to the last.

THE Esperance fishing smack, of La Rochelle, two days ago picked up at sea a life-buoy to which was clinging the dead body of a sailor, who had held to it with his last grasp, which had not relaxed when death put an end to his sufferings. The buoy bore no mark to give a clue to what vessel it had belonged.

MR. SERJEANT SHAW has been appointed the new judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the room of the late Mr. Justice Wightman. The new judge, it will be remembered, is a Roman Catholic.

Theatricals, Music, etc.

THE THEATRES.—The Cattle Show week may be said to wind up the general season prior to the attractive and busy pantomimes coming on. Every theatre is now hurrying on its final arrangements; and from the heavy expenses the majority of managers have already incurred on their transformation and other scenes, we have no doubt that this year they will be of unusual brilliancy. As yet, few of the plots have been published. Next week we shall give a short sketch of each of them.

THE ALHAMBRA.—This magnificent establishment is again converted into an arena, and will doubtless be as equally well patronised as it was when Messrs. Howes and Cushing made such a decided hit a few years since. The engagement of Mr. Wilde for the present equestrian performances is with M. Franco, of the Cirque Imperial, of Paris; and his world-renowned name is a guarantee that the performances will be of a very first-class description, although during the first week the talent has not been sufficient yet to realize what is popularly termed a "sensation." The "Quadrille du Prince Imperial," by four ladies and four gentlemen on horseback, has been beautifully executed; also a "Grande Manoeuvre des Mousquetaires." The acrobatic performances of the Marvels of Peru, Talliott and Barnetti, and the clever feats of the well-known Arthur and Bertrand, have afforded the highest gratification; while the clowns are particularly agile and amusing. The extraordinary juggling performances of M. Langlois are specially worthy of mention, as also the equestrian skill of M. Bostien Franco, Madame Nie, and the Brothers Lagoutte. The performances altogether are very attractive and varied, and the arrangement of prices is such as to suit all parties. We have no doubt but the Alhambra will be largely patronised during the festive and holiday season.

The Court.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, their Serene Highnesses Princess Hohenlohe and Prince Leiningen, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel, Windsor. The Rev. Dr. Stanley preached the sermon.

Her Majesty passed Monday, the second anniversary of Prince Albert's death, and the preceding day in complete seclusion.

The Queen, accompanied by all the members of the royal family, proceeded early on Monday morning to the Royal Mausoleum, where her Majesty is in the habit of going constantly, and permission was given to all the members of the household, including the servants, to go there.

On Monday, Mr. Scott's model of the memorial which is intended to be erected by the nation to the memory of the late Prince Consort, arrived at Windsor Castle. It is being erected on a stand fitted for the purpose in the grand reception room, for the inspection of her Majesty. The model is about seven feet in height and about six feet in width.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE settling upon the great contest between King and Heenan attracted a large attendance on Monday afternoon; but little speculation, however, was indulged in, the attention of those present being more engrossed with the arguments *pro* and *contra* on the great fight, an additional impetus to which was given by the victor, King, making his appearance. Some half-dozen shots were fired upon the Derby, which are herewith affixed:—

THE DERBY.—16 to 1 agst Blair Athol (t); 20 to 1 agst Forager (t); 22 to 1 agst Historian (t); 30 to 1 agst Apennine (t); 1,000 to 15 agst Baragh (t).

CHRISTMAS GEESE.—Mr. Bagshaw, of Norwich, has at the present moment 10,000 geese fattening on his premises for the London clubs and markets.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—The Mayor of Carlisle has issued a notice changing the market-days in Christmas and New-year's weeks from Saturday to the previous Thursday, to enable tradesmen and their servants to enjoy three days' holiday in each of those weeks.

SYMPATHY.—The crew of the lifeboat at Filey, who went off to save two out of three fishermen who had been capsized from their boat during the late heavy storm, have generously handed over to the widow of the poor fisherman who was drowned on the occasion, the reward of £6 10s., granted to them by the National Lifeboat Institution for their prompt and valuable services. It will be remembered that the lifeboat had only been on her station a few days, and that her cost was the gift to the Institution of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of York.

SHOCKING MURDER IN WILTSHIRE.—A horrible murder has just been perpetrated at Ragland Bottom, West Lington, a thinly populated district just within the borders of Wiltshire. The victim is a coal-hawker named Kendall, who resided at Kingswood, but up to last night the police had not succeeded in capturing the murderer, or, as is suspected, murderers. It appears that the unfortunate man was in the habit, when hawking his coal, of lying down by the roadside to take a sleep, and on Tuesday night, after turning his donkeys into a field and unHarnessing a pony he had drawn, a cart, he had prepared his bed on the leeward of the latter, and betook himself to rest. It was in this defenceless condition that the poor man seems to have been attacked by his cowardly assailants. The instrument used in the commission of the crime appears to have been a sort of combination of the bill-hook and pick, and the wounds inflicted upon the man's head were of the most frightful character. An inquest was opened on Thursday, but was adjourned.—*Western Daily Press*.

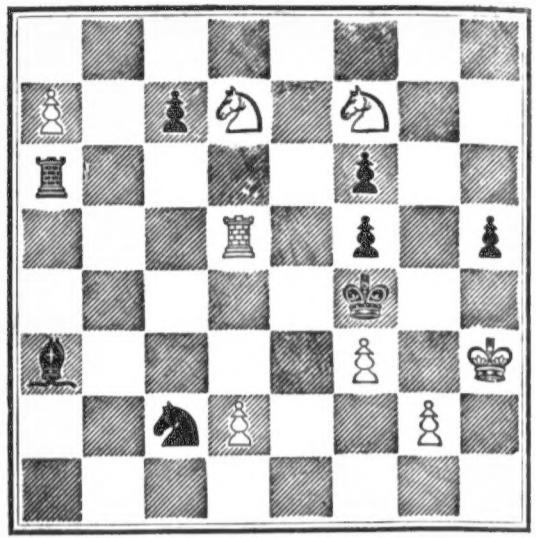
AN UGLY LITTLE WAR.—We fear that our expedition against the Sittans fanatics on the north-west frontier of India will become a very ugly "little war." The country is difficult, the passes most dangerous to those attempting to force or hold them, and the enemy formidable beyond their numbers or resources. The fanatical tribe forming the nucleus of the disturbance has influenced others by the belief that they have among them one with a Divine mission to extirpate the Feringhees. Not a few of the mutineers of five years back are among them, with British training to guide and anti-British hatred to inflame them. Up to the present our encounters with them have not resulted altogether bloodlessly, or with satisfaction to us. It was rumoured last night that a telegram had been received, stating that in another contest we had lost the services of some valuable officers. We fear there is no doubt that the commander, General Sir Neville Chamberlain, was wounded and obliged to resign the command. This is a very serious loss, for his energy, ability, and circumspection are rare. General Garrocks succeeds him. But at present the matter wears such an unpleasant aspect, that we rejoice at the fact of a force being assembled at Lahore for field movements on a large scale.

THE Esperance fishing smack, of La Rochelle, two days ago picked up at sea a life-buoy to which was clinging the dead body of a sailor, who had held to it with his last grasp, which had not relaxed when death put an end to his sufferings. The buoy bore no mark to give a clue to what vessel it had belonged. MR. SERJEANT SHAW has been appointed the new judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, in the room of the late Mr. Justice Wightman. The new judge, it will be remembered, is a Roman Catholic.

Chess.

PROBLEM NO. 149.—By R. B. WORMALD, Esq.

Black.



White.

White to move, and checkmate in three moves.

Game between Herr Kolisch and Herr Anderssen.

White.

Herr Kolisch.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. P to Q 4
4. B to B 4
5. Castles
6. P to Q B 3
7. Q to Q Kt 3
8. B takes P (ch)
9. B takes Kt
10. P takes B
11. Q to her square
12. B to Q Kt 4
13. B to Q Kt 2
14. Q takes P
15. Q to K 2
16. Kt to Q 2

Black.

Herr Anderssen.

1. P to K 4
2. Kt to Q B 3
3. P takes P
4. B to B 4
5. P to Q 3
6. B to K Kt 5 (a)
7. B takes Kt (b)
8. K to B square
9. R takes B
10. P to K Kt 4 (c)
11. Q to her 2
12. B to Q Kt 3
13. P to Q 6
14. Kt to K 4
15. Q to K R 6
16. P to K Kt 5, and wins

(a) The correct reply, which has the effect of completely paralysing White's attack.

(b) After this move, we believe the first player's game to be irretrievable, promising as it looks.

(c) Boldly played. Black has now an irresistible attack.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 142.

1. B to R 4 (ch)
2. K to K B 4
3. K to B 5
4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

4. Kt mates

1. K takes B

2. P to Kt 4 (ch)

3. Any move

<p

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS
GUILDFORD.

THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.—Henry Ayres, a miserable-looking object, was placed at the bar before Sir R. W. Carden, charged with robbing William Holme, a young fellow fresh from Yorkshire, of his watch and chain value £10. It appeared from the evidence of a waiter at a coffee-house in Bartholomew-close that the prosecutor had been partaking rather freely of strong liquors, of which the prisoner took advantage for he sat himself close to the prosecutor, and was in the act of drawing his watch from his pocket and transferring it to his own. The waiter interferred, and a policeman was called in, but the prosecutor was so drunk that he was unable to prefer any charge, nor was he conscious that any attempt had been made by the prisoner to rob him of his property. The prisoner was however, locked up. On being asked what brought him to London, the prosecutor stared at the magistrate in blank amazement. Sir R. W. Carden: Did you come to see the Cattle Show? Prosecutor: Yes, sir. Sir R. W. Carden: And you made a beast of yourself instead. (Laughter). Prosecutor: Y-e-s, sir. (Laughter). Sir R. W. Carden: What part of the country have you come from? Prosecutor: From Bradford, sir. Sir R. W. Carden: I thought Yorkshiremen were not so easily taken in. Have you lost anything else? Prosecutor: Yes, sir, four half-sovereigns, and I have only 10s left. Sir R. W. Carden: But for this waiter you would have lost your watch and chain, so I think you ought to make him some compensation. Have you a return railway ticket? Prosecutor: Yes, sir. I'll give the waiter what you think proper to charge me, sir. Sir R. W. Carden: Oh, I cannot charge you anything, but I think you had better give him the 10s you have left, and return immediately to Yorkshire, and so avoid getting into further mischief. The prisoner was then committed as a rogue and vagabond for three months, with hard labour.

DETAIN FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.—Ann Langabeer, a dissipated-looking woman, about fifty years of age, was placed at the bar, before Alderman Carter, charged with stealing a half-pint pewter pot, the property of Mr. Legatt, of Finsbury-pavement. Charles Townsend, barman to the prosecutor, deposed to seeing the prisoner steal the pewter measure, and added that he took it from her and gave her into custody. Police-sergeant 34 said he had received a quantity of lead from the prisoner's husband, who informed him that the prisoner was in the habit of melting metal in a frying-pan. The husband also said he had been married to the prisoner twenty years, and for the last fifteen years of that period she had been drunk. The prisoner said she was not sober when she took the pewter pot. Alderman Carter said drunkenness was no extenuation of an offence, but rather an aggravation. He therefore committed her to prison for fourteen days, with hard labour. The husband here said that that was the tenth day the prisoner had been drunk without any cessation. Alderman Carter said she would be kept sober for the next fourteen days. The husband asked what he was to do with her when she came out, as she had been the ruin of him. Alderman Carter said the husband of the prisoner had taken her for better or worse, and he must put up with the consequences. A drunken woman would ruin any husband. He could not give any advice in the matter. The husband said he was willing to pay for her support if she could be kept in the union. Alderman Carter said there was no doubt that would be the best place for such a disgusting woman, and the husband might possibly make some arrangement with the parish officers to that effect, but he, as a magistrate, could not interfere. The prisoner was then removed.

BOW STREET.

YOUNG HOPPERS.—Three boys, named Henry Elston, James Wood, and George Cook, were brought up on remand charged with stealing an iron safe containing six £5 notes, a gold watch and chain, and other articles of jewellery, &c., to the value of about £70, besides a policy of life insurance, several leases, and other documents, the property of Mr. Woods, the master of the Refuge for Destitute and Homeless Boys, Great Queen-street, Lincolns-inn. Government establishment, of which they were inmates. It appeared that the prisoner Wood had been employed in the household work, and had access to Mr. Woods' private apartments. On the 3rd inst., at about half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Woods missed the iron safe in question from his bedroom, and on inquiry ascertained that the three prisoners had absconded. He sent out several men in search of them, and on the following night, the 4th inst., they were found at the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton, where they had been "seeing the play." They at once admitted that they had stolen the safe, and had left it in an arch under the new street in course of formation in continuation of Farringdon-street. They were given into custody, and a constable was sent to the spot. The iron safe was found there with a great hole in the bottom. An attempt had been made to force the lid, but unsuccessfully, and ultimately a great piece had been hammered with a stone out of the bottom, which was double, and very strong. Through this the contents of the safe had been taken out. The papers and deeds were scattered about the vault, but the watch, jewellery, and money were gone. When first brought before the magistrate, they stated that they had concealed the £5 notes in a crevice of the wall of the vault. The place, however, had since been searched by the police, but nothing had been found. The prisoners, when taken, had only a few shillings about them. Mr. Woods expressed a hope that the magistrate would settle the case summarily, suggesting that the prisoners might be sent to a reformatory. Mr. Corrie: I think this is too serious an offence. I am inclined to think it is a case for the superior power of the judge, but I won't decide at once. I will remand them for a week. I do not say positively that I may not convict them and send them to Old Ford Reformatory, but my present impression is that I must commit them for trial.

WESTMINSTER.

THE PROTECTION ACT.—A woman between 30 and 40 years of age applied to Mr. Selfe for a protection order. The applicant said that she had been married seven years, and had been left destitute five months ago by her husband with two young children to maintain. She had brought her husband some little property at the time of her marriage, and had subsequently, by taking situations as a wet-nurse, acquired tolerably large sums in presents and wages, which her husband had squandered. Her relatives had enabled her, by advancing some money, to carry on business since her husband's departure, by which she could earn a creditable subsistence for herself and family, but they apprehended that unless restrained by law her husband would return and again despoil her of what she possessed. Mr. Selfe thought it a proper case for a protection order, and granted one.

CLERKENWELL.

A SUSPECTED GARTER.—James Green, who refused his address and occupation, was charged with violently assaulting Henry George Taylor, of 1, Metcalf-place, Pentonville-road, and stealing from his person a gold scarf pin. The complainant, who is about fifteen years of age, said about half-past eight o'clock on Saturday night he was in Church-street, Islington, with his younger brother, when the prisoner came behind him and put his hands over his eyes and mouth. Afterwards the prisoner took from his neckscarf his gold scarf pin. He wrestled with the prisoner and got away from him. Alfred James Taylor, a boy about seven years of age, who said he was walking with his brother, confirmed the statement of the latter. He said the prisoner put his hands over his brother's eyes, and then placed one of them on his neckcloth and took the pin out. Police-constable Aldridge, 97 N, said that he saw the prisoner coming towards him, followed by the prosecutor. He caught the prisoner, but before he did so he saw him throw something away. The prisoner said he did not wish to make any defence. The police stated that they believed the prisoner had before been in custody, but that as he had given a false address they could not find out much about him. Mr. Barker said it was a case for trial, but remanded the prisoner to see if there were any former convictions.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A MOTHER.—A sulky, morose-looking fellow, about 24 years of age, who gave the name of Alfred Dunn, and described himself as a coal merchant's labourer, was charged before Mr. Barker with being drunk, and assaulting his mother, Mrs. Sarah Dunn, of 8, Hornsey-road, Holloway. The prisoner was further charged with attempting to murder his mother. The complainant, a careworn, respectable woman, with a benevolent cast of countenance, said that she very much regretted to have to appear against her son, but she was compelled to do so, as she was in danger of her life, owing to his drunken, dissolute habits. On the previous morning, between the hours of twelve and one, he returned home the worse for liquor, and because she remonstrated with him about his having stolen some of the food belonging to one of the lodgers, he called her most abominable names, and pushed and hit her in a very violent manner. The effects of the prisoner's ill-usage were, that he had hurt her head, arm, and hip, and she now was suffering great pain. She was afraid of the defendant, as he had three times threatened to take away her life, and it was only last week that he had attempted to strangle her; and on the Wednesday he took up a knife and swore a dreadful oath that he would murder her. She regretted to say that he was an idle fellow, but such was the case, and he expected her and her aged husband to work for him, and if they did not find money for beer and tobacco, he made use of the most fearful oaths, and threatened both their lives. Mr. Barker inquired if the defendant had ever before been in custody on a similar charge. The complainant, with tears in her eyes, said that he had been four times in custody. She did not now wish to punish him. All that she required was that he should be bound over to keep away from her.

The defendant, who pretended to cry, and who blubbered like a spilt child, said, "Oh, dear mother, I hope you will forgive me this time. I will never do so any more. Upon my word and honour I won't." Mr. Barker remarked, that he would take care that the defendant did not do so for some time to come. Francis Dye, one of the lodgers, said the conduct of the defendant was very cowardly. As soon as he (defendant) returned home he struck his father a violent blow, and then struck his mother, and said he would strangle her. He had seen the defendant take up a knife and threaten to murder his mother. Mr. Barker: When did he threaten her last? Witness: He did it several times last week, but he is in the frequent habit of doing so, and if he is not restrained I am afraid that he will carry his threat into execution.—Does the prisoner earn his own livelihood? No. He frequently gets intoxicated, and wants his mother and father to support him. Mr. Barker characterized the conduct of the defendant as cowardly and unmanly in the extreme, and ordered him to find two responsible sureties in the sum of £10 each, to keep the peace for six calendar months, and if at the expiration of that period he again went near his mother and threatened her, she had better come to this court, and she would be protected. The prisoner, who made a great noise, as if he was crying, was then removed.

MARYLEBONE.

ROBBERY AT A JEWELLER'S BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—George Phillips, described as a shoemaker, and who refused his address, was brought up handcuffed, charged with the following robbery:—The evidence went to show that on the same day, about one o'clock, the prisoner went to the shop of Mr. Neale, jeweller, of Edgware-road, and asked to look at some watches. Several were shown to him, and one he selected. He then asked to look at some silver chains, and watch-keys. Many of these were placed on the counter for his inspection, and on one of the chains being missed after he had examined them, he was accused of having stolen it, which he denied. A constable was sent for, and the prisoner given into custody. When searched at the station-house the stolen chain was found upon him by Robinson, 189 D, as also a handkerchief at one end of which was tied a large piece of granite. The prisoner admitted to the officer that he was a ticket-of-leave man, and that he had recently left the "Prisoners' Aid Society." The prisoner, who, notwithstanding the clear evidence adduced against him, said he was not guilty, was committed for trial.

WORSHIP STREET.

THE KNIFE.—George Morris, aged 20, living in Devonshire-street, Shoreditch, was charged with wounding a young woman, named Susan Francis, with intent to do her grievous bodily harm. The prosecutrix, whose forehead was covered with surgical dressing, and who was so weak as to be scarcely able to give her evidence, stated that she had been on terms of intimacy with the prisoner four months. About nine o'clock on the previous night she was in the company of another man in Ebenezer street, City-road, when the prisoner, who must have followed her, saw her part with him. Coming up to her with a knife in his hand, he struck her with it on the forehead, and then stabbed her in the back. She fainted. On recovering her senses she found she had been carried to the house of her aunt, and that she had been bleeding from three wounds, which were dressed by a surgeon. She could only account for the prisoner so attacking her, on the supposition that he did not approve her being in the company of the other man, as he did not say a word to her before he struck her with the knife. Alice Jackson, a girl of seventeen, living at the house of a Mrs. Lloyd, in Ebenezer-street, gave a somewhat different account of the outrage. She stated that the prosecutrix, who had called at the house with the other man, left there alone, and that the prisoner, who, when the door was opened, was found standing on the step, instantly knocked her down and kicked her. The witness said that he had a knife in his hand, but when he gave her the first blow he did not strike her with that; it was with his fist. She got up, and he knocked her down again; in fact, several times. The prosecutrix at last rushed into the passage, and he followed her, striking her with the knife more than once in the back. She fainted and fell. The prisoner then went into the road, and the witness picked up a knife and gave it to a young man. She then assisted in conveying the prosecutrix to her aunt's, in Bunt-hill-row, where she was attended by a surgeon. Two wounds were then visible in her shoulders and a third in the forehead, from which the blood flowed so profusely as to soak through three jackets or under-dresses she had on. Nowlan, 73 N, stated that while on duty in the City-road he was informed that there was a great disturbance in Ebenezer-street, where a woman had been stabbed. On hastening there the prisoner, who was standing in the road with other men, was pointed out to him as having committed the act. He took him into custody, and at the same instant a knife was handed to him by one of the bystanders. The prisoner said, "She gave that knife to me. I caught her coming out of that house with another man." (The witness here produced a buckhorn handled clasp-knife, "between five and six inches in length.") The prisoner here said: I have no questions to ask the witness; they have spoken the truth. Mr. John Mather, the divisional surgeon, deposed to being fetched to the house of the prosecutrix's aunt, and said that on examining the young woman he found her suffering from two punctured wounds, one superficial, just over the left shoulder-bone, but the other, near the blade-bone, very serious, it being an inch and a half in depth. There was also a dangerous wound in the forehead, which was likely to occasion brain fever, penetrating, as it did, to the bone. The prosecutrix was at present extremely ill, and would require rest and quiet for some time. The prisoner was at the station-house, and was compelled to keep his bed two days. He could not tell who did it. Thomas Bengough, 82 M, said he was on duty among the mob in plain clothes, on Thursday morning, near the steps leading to Tooley-street, when he saw the prisoner Carter throw a brickbat at the last witness's head. He went to assist the constable up, and secured Carter, when Wilson struck him with a large club. Witness then seized Wilson, who called out to the mob to release him, but a number of constables were in attendance, and, after a deal of trouble, he was secured. The prisoner Carter said he went to see the pugilists, and got into the crowd, when he was pushed about and handled very roughly, as his worship could see. He denied throwing anything at the constable. Wilson said he was merely looking on, and while he was pointing out one of the fighting men he was seized. Mr. Burcham observed that they were what the public vulgarly called "roughs," and their presence at the railway terminus was caused by the assemblage of a set of characters as bad as themselves, going to a prize fight. He should sentence Carter to one month's hard labour, and one Wilson 20c, or fourteen days' hard labour.—George Parker was next charged with stealing a watch from the person of a gentleman unknown at the incline of the railway. Bengough said that about four on the Thursday morning he heard cries of "Police" among the mob; forcing his way through, he saw the prisoner snatch a gold watch from an old gentleman and pass it to a man, who made his escape. While witness was securing the prisoner, another man snatched the gentleman's spectacles from his face, and got away with them. The prisoner denied the charge, and called one of the foremen of Messrs. Westwood and Bailey, shipwrights, of the Isle of Dogs, who said that the prisoner had worked for him some time as a labourer, and was an honest and industrious young man. He never knew him to be in trouble before. Mr. Burcham asked if the prosecutor was in attendance? Bengough replied in the negative. He could not find him. Mr. Burcham: Then as there is no prosecutor the prisoner is discharged.

THAMES.

AN UNGRATEFUL THIEF.—Ellen Johnson, aged 25, was charged with stealing a silver watch, valued at five guineas, from the person of Mr. James Pope, a master lighterman. The prosecutor stated that at two o'clock on Sunday morning he was passing along Old Gravel-lane, on his way to the river, and saw the prisoner a short distance before him. She was coughing violently, and appeared to be in great pain. She slipped down close before him, breathed very hard, and was apparently in a fit. He advanced to her, for the purpose of rendering assistance, and said, "My good woman, what's the matter?" She said, "For God's sake let me up." He did so, and raised her gently, and, at the same moment, he missed his watch. He felt it go out of his pocket, and he saw it in her hand. Two men, who he had no doubt were the prisoner's confederates, advanced towards them, and he took no notice of his loss. He tried to induce the prisoner to proceed to Ratcliff-highway with him. She walked a few yards, but upon reaching Pennington-street she would not walk any further with him. He said if she would go as far as the Ratcliff-highway he would give her a cup of coffee. Her confederates were then close behind her, and she said, "You had better go." He was fearful of ill-use, and left her. He had not walked far before he met a police-constable, and he communicated the circumstances of the robbery to him. Turner, a police-constable, No. 22 H, said that as soon as he heard of the robbery, he asked another constable to aid him in intercepting the prisoner and her companions. He soon met with the prisoner in company with two men, and he succeeded in taking them all into custody. The prisoner handed to him a tobacco box, and he said, "That is not what I want. Where is the watch?" She then delivered to him a silver watch, which the prosecutor immediately identified as his property. The two men were discharged by the inspector at the station-house, as there was not sufficient evidence to detain them. Mr. Woolrych: You have been severely wounded. Who did that? Turner: I did so, and meant to murder me. A fellow who was in an ambush sprung from behind a cart in a dark place and struck me a tremendous blow on the forehead, just over the right eye, with some heavy and sharp instrument. I was stunned by the blow, and fell. I was senseless for some time, and lost a good deal of blood. I believe it was some one connected with this woman who did it, and meant to murder me. Mr. Woolrych regretted very much that such a dastardly outrage should have been committed on the officer, and asked him if he previously knew the prisoner. Turner said, in reply: I know her well. She has long been in the habit of pretending to be ill, and getting people to assist her, and then robbing them. I have known her three or four years. She has been in custody before. Mr. Woolrych committed the prisoner for trial.

SOUTHWAKE.

THE INQUIRY DODGE.—BOSHER BY FASHIONABLE PICKPOCKETS.—Mary Ann Jones, a well-dressed female, known to the police as an associate of omnibus and railway thieves, was brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with picking the pocket of Mrs. Hannah Tooke, the wife of a tradesman, of a purse containing money, in the Lower Marsh, Lambeth; and Frances Filmer, also well known to the police as a convicted thief, and a man named Charles Fitzroy, were charged with aiding and abetting her in the robbery. Mr. W. Edwin appeared for the prisoner Filmer. The prosecutrix, an elderly female, said that on the previous afternoon she was proceeding along the Lower Marsh from the Westminster-road, and when near the Waterloo-road end the prisoner Mary Ann Jones came up to her, and wanted to know the nearest way to the Elephant and Castle. She pointed out to her the Waterloo-road, and told her to go up that way, and it would bring her to the Elephant and Castle. Jones pretended to be deaf, and came close to her side, when witness repeated the answer, and then she said she had a friend to call on in the New Kent-road, and she thought if she found the Elephant and Castle she would be all right. Witness told her there were omnibuses passing every minute, and she had better get in one. The prisoner Jones then hurriedly left her, and witness went into a shoe shop to make a purchase, when to her surprise she missed her purse, and a small sum of money. A gentleman came

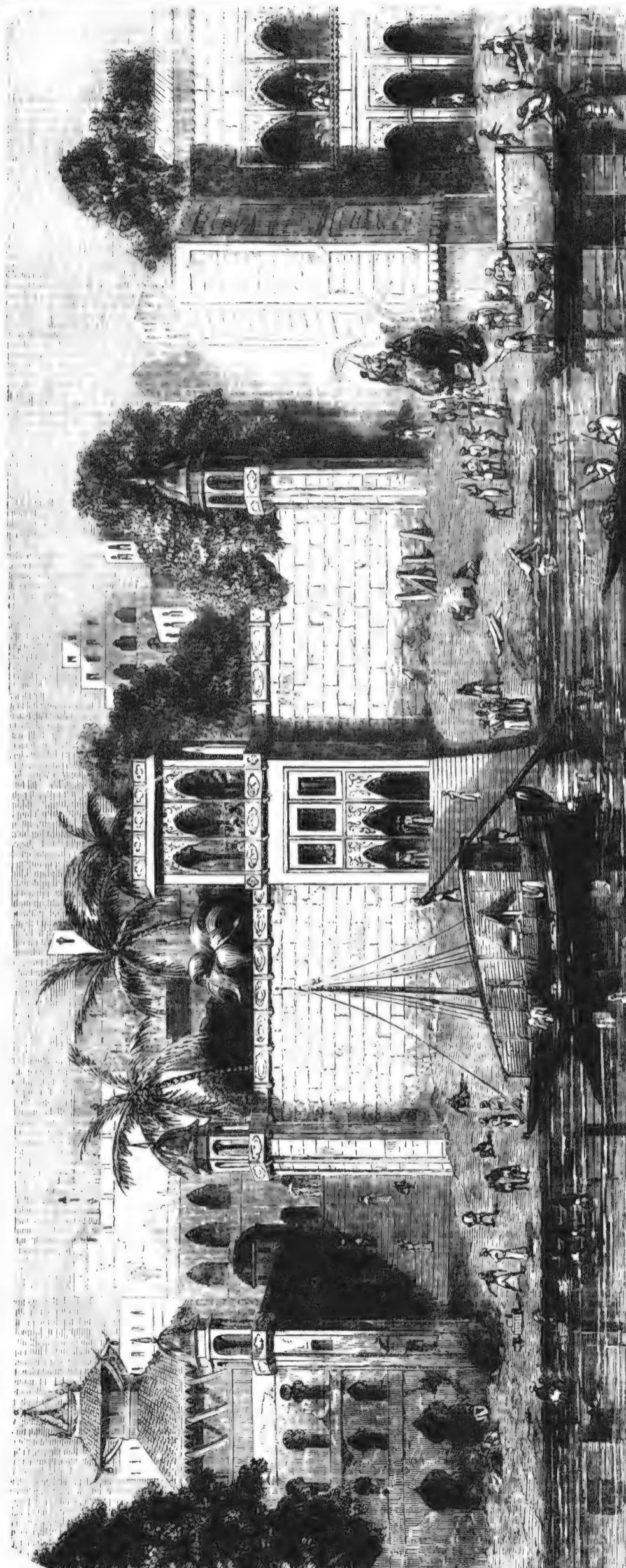
up to her then, and a few minutes afterwards she saw all the prisoners in the custody of the police. In answer to Mr. Edwin, witness said that she put the purse in her pocket a few minutes before, and had only walked from a bank in the Westminster-road, when Jones accosted her. She had no knowledge whatever of the other prisoners. George Turrell, a marine store dealer, of Harper-street, New Kent-road, said he was passing the Lower Marsh about four o'clock in the afternoon, when he saw all three prisoners turn the corner of the Waterloo-road, converging together. As soon as they saw the prosecutrix approach Filmer made a sign, when Jones left him and went up to her. Witness immediately suspected them; consequently he watched her, and while Mrs. Tooke was proceeding to the Waterloo-road he distinctly saw her put her hand in her dress pocket and withdraw it, when she immediately crossed the road and joined the other prisoners round the corner. As soon as he found that the prosecutrix had been robbed he mentioned the circumstances to a constable, with whom he proceeded to a public-house, where all three prisoners were discovered drinking together. Inspector Edmunds, 1 division, here asked for a remand, as numerous robberies of a similar description had recently been committed in that neighbourhood, and on a future day he should be able to prove former convictions against the prisoners. They were accordingly remanded.

DESPERATE ATTACK UPON A SEAMAN AND ROBBERY OF FIFTY POUNDS.—Edward Reeves, a ruffianly-looking fellow, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham, charged with being concerned with others not in custody in assaulting Henry Stevenson, and robbing him of £50 in gold, in the George beer-shop, Lombard-street, Mint. The prosecutor in this case is a master mariner, and on the afternoon of the 13th ult., he received the £50 from the Shipping Office in the City, and, after paying a small sum at the Ballast Office, Tower-hill, he proceeded towards the Borough. When in Tooley-street, he was accosted by a female and a man, whom he treated to some ale, and afterwards went with them to the George bar, in the Mint, where they had more beer. The £50 in gold was then safe in his left hand pocket, and he had some loose money in the other. While standing at the counter drinking, a number of rough-looking characters came in and knocked him down, and brutally ill-used him. On his being picked up, his pockets were turned inside out, and the £50 was gone. The man and the woman with whom he entered the house were taken into custody at the time, and after being remanded several times, were eventually discharged, as there was not sufficient evidence to show that they had anything to do with the robbery. Since then the female gave such information to the police as induced them to take the prisoners into custody. Margaret McCarthy, the female alibi, said she met the prosecutor in Tooley-street on the evening of the 13th ult., and he asked her the way to Davis's wharf. She directed him, when he asked her and a man she was with to have something to drink. They went into a public-house close by, and at last the prosecutor said he should go to a friend's in Nun-street to sleep. They all went that way and entered the George beer-shop. While at the bar, several men came in, and he treated them. At last the prosecutor was knocked down, and she saw one of the men rob him of his purse. She endeavoured to prevent the robbery, but she was much ill-used. She accordingly went out for the police, when she was taken into custody, but she was innocent of all participation in the robbery. Inspector McIntosh here asked for a remand for the attendance of the prosecutor, who was in Newcastle. Remanded accordingly.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN HEEHAW AND KING.—OUTRAGES AND ROBBERIES AT THE SOUTH-EASTERN RAILWAY TERMINUS.—William Carter and George Wilson, two rough-looking men, who appeared to have been knocked about rather severely, were placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with assaulting George Tanner, police-constable 149 M and James McLean, 255 M, two detective officers, in the execution of their duty, near the incline of the South-Eastern Railway, London-bridge, on the morning of Thursday week. McLean was so severely injured that he was unable to attend at the first examination. He now appeared with the back of his head covered with adhesive plaster, and, on being sworn, said that on the Thursday morning, about four o'clock, he was on duty near the platform of the South-Eastern Railway, when he saw on the steps leading from the railway to Tooley-street. He proceeded there, and saw some men fighting, and there were screams of "Murder" in the crowd. As soon as he got down among them, some one struck him on the back of the head with a brickbat, which felled him to the earth, and he was stunned. Witness was carried to the station-house, and was compelled to keep his bed two days. He could not tell who did it. Thomas Bengough, 82 M, said he was on duty among the mob in plain clothes, on Thursday morning, near the steps leading to Tooley-street, when he saw the prisoner Carter throw a brickbat at the last witness's head. He went to assist the constable up, and secured Carter, when Wilson struck him with a large club. Witness then seized Wilson, who called out to the mob to release him, but a number of constables were in attendance, and, after a deal of trouble, he was secured. The prisoner Carter said he went to see the pugilists, and got into the crowd, when he was pushed about and handled very roughly, as his worship could see. He denied throwing anything at the constable. Wilson said he was merely looking on, and while he was pointing out one of the fighting men he was seized. Mr. Burcham observed that they were what the public vulgarly called "roughs," and their presence at the railway terminus was caused by the assemblage of a set of characters as bad as themselves, going to a prize fight. He should sentence Carter to one month's hard labour, and one Wilson 20c, or fourteen days' hard labour.—George Parker was next charged with stealing a watch from the person of a gentleman unknown at the incline of the railway. Bengough said that about four on the Thursday morning he heard cries of "Police" among the mob; forcing his way through, he saw the prisoner snatch a gold watch from an old gentleman and pass it to a man, who made his escape. While witness was securing the prisoner, another man snatched the gentleman's spectacles from his face, and got away with them. The prisoner denied the charge, and called one of the foremen of Messrs. Westwood and Bailey, shipwrights, of the Isle of Dogs, who said that the prisoner had worked for him some time as a labourer, and was an honest and industrious young man. He never knew him to be in trouble before. Mr. Burcham asked if the prosecutor was in attendance? Bengough replied in the negative. He could not find him. Mr. Burcham: Then as there is no prosecutor the prisoner is discharged.

LAMBETH.

SAVAGE ASSAULTS ON WIVES BY THEIR HUSBANDS.—Edward Noonan, a labourer, was charged before Mr. Partridge with committing a murderous assault on his wife Judith. Police-constable Robert Gosland, 410 P, said that on Sunday morning he was sent for to the house of the prisoner, and on going there he found his wife in a frightful state, cut in four or five places, and her whole person covered with blood. The prisoner did not deny having assaulted her; on the contrary, he much regretted, as he said, that he had not knocked her brains out. A surgeon's certificate was handed in, stating that though her life was not in absolute danger, it would be some days before she would be in a condition to attend and give her evidence, and Mr. Partridge, in consequence, remanded the prisoner for a week. James Mahoney was next charged with violently assaulting his wife Catherine with a poker. The constable in the case deposed that he had been sent for on Saturday night to apprehend the prisoner for assaulting his wife, who was bleeding from a wound in the head, inflicted by him with a poker. He took him into custody, and told the wife to be in attendance at the court



BENARES, THE SACRED.—ILLUSTRATION OF "HIGHLAND JESSIE."

Literature

HIGHLAND JESSIE;

OR,

LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TEMPLE.

He who came towards the temple, singing "Home, Sweet Home," was no other than the regimental chaplain of the 8th, a tall gentleman, of about sixty years of age, of which he had passed thirty in India.

He was one of those cheery souls which help to lighten the weight of the world. He was neither very clever nor very wise, but he lived simply a plain, honest, straightforward man. He knew that India was not governed as well as it might be. Finally, he was certain the work of the missionary was next door to non-success; nay, he even doubted the policy of forcing the Christian religion upon the Indians. But, mind, he was as good a Christian as you could find in a day's walk, perhaps even in a week's walk, for that kind of individual does not turn up, like the wind, at every street corner.

He loved peace, and of course he preached peace, but on more than one occasion he had taken to fighting in the regiment, when it was engaged; and if the truth must indeed be told, on some occasions, not exactly on the defensive.

He was what is called a muscular Christian, less the prize-fighting, for which he had no relish.

He had been a widower so many years that most people supposed he was a bachelor. But he had not only been married, but a daughter had been born to him, and who, in her turn growing up, had married. Some four years after, she and her husband, a captain, were, it was supposed, wrecked, while unfortunately his grandchild, whom he had never seen, and who had been entrusted to the care of an Indian gentleman, was lost sight of.

The then middle-aged chaplain exerted himself to the best of his power to ascertain what had become of this little one; but all his exertions were in vain, and after a time he ceased to make inquiries. Perhaps had he ever seen the child he would not have resigned himself so readily to her loss. This admission, perhaps, we make in common justice to his character. In the army, no matter whether it be chaplain or drummer-boy, the influence of the military life is pretty equally paramount, and one of the chief phases of such an existence is the schooling of oneself to the loss of those about us, and of many of those whom we know.

To his half-fellow qualifications the chaplain added another, and that was a taste for the architecture of India; and upon this subject he had written a book of such a satisfactory nature, as far as he himself was concerned, that he felt if it pleased the public only one hundredth part it did him when it was printed, then, indeed, he would be a happy, and, furthermore to the purpose, a rich man.

On this particular night, when Graham came to the temple while the Brahmins were welcoming the return of Lota to India, he had been moved by a strong impulse to view the great pagoda, which formed a section of the pile, by moonlight. So, being quite inclined to sleep, he had out his horse, and, in a short time reaching the building, he tethered the animal to the branches of a handy tree, and then, all unconscious of coming harm, he entered the temple, which he naturally expected to find as deserted as usual.

He had taken some steps into the interior of the building before he discovered his error. Graham was naturally much surprised to find the building occupied by a crowd of human beings; but, recovering himself with that prompt presence of mind which should be in the possession of every soldier, from pipe-boy to general, he begged to be pardoned, speaking in Hindostanee, for his intrusion, and turned to leave the building.

He found the way barred.

A few moments before, he was a free man, and now he was a prisoner. He saw freedom beyond the gateway, in the shape of the broad expanse of the heavens, but he himself was powerless. The space between him and the threshold was filled with fierce-looking men.

He was totally unarmed—except by his Christianity.

Comprehending his position in a few moments, he leapt into a state of patient calmness which he felt at his very heart. He had very little fear of death, and death he read in every fierce eye scowling upon him.

Unable to pass through the doorway, he turned and moved up the main avenue of the temple.

As he did so, he saw the two slaughtered victims lying on the platform below the statue of Siva.

But he did not see the figure of a pale, weak woman dressed in white Indian clothing, and standing near the altar.

A white shrinking figure had seen him, however, and it had cowered away behind the statue of the great god Siva.

"Have you been shedding blood?" Graham asked, calmly, as he stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed upon the motionless bodies.

There was no answer to his words.

Then he looked up, and saw the proud figure of the Indian sahib, who had not cowered away at the sight of the English minister.

"Nona—a friend!" he cried, running forward.

If a friend, one who could not be sworn by for his good looks.

"A seeming friend," replied the Nona.

"And a true, Nona," said the clergyman, with a kindly air, coming forward.

"True in my hate," returned the Indian. "Why are you here?"

"I should rather ask you, Nona, why are you here, surrounded by armed men, and at your feet two bleeding human beings?"

"I will tell you why you are here. Look at this god."

The minister looked up.

"I see the semblance of your Siva, the god of war, destruction, and misery. What then?"

"Why are you here? Because Siva sent you as a sacrifice—a goodly sacrifice, you who are of the miserable priesthood of our oppressors. It is Siva who has drawn you hither, and to whose nostrils shall rise the smoke of your blood."

Then he raised his right hand, and with it made a peculiar movement which was evidently understood, for the next moment the chaplain was seized and bound.

And it was then that a low and wondering cry was heard amidst the crowd. It arose from the sight they all saw in the shape of the great sacrifice, the woman almost half-divine before the eyes of the Brahmins, throwing herself at the feet of the Nona Sahib.

"Nona," said a weak, faint voice; "spare him?"

"Wherefore, sister?"

"He is old."

"The better reason he should die."

"He hath done no harm."

"Then need he fear not death."

"He hath done me service."

"Then he shall suffer, sister, that he hath dared to do thee service."

Her head fell, as she told herself that the Nona would be ready with an answer to any argument she might use.

These words had passed in very low tones of voice, and so rapidly, that almost before the assembly had comprehended the fact that the sacrifice was kneeling to the sahib, Lota's head had fallen forwards upon her breast, and her hands were covering her eyes.

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The then middle-aged chaplain exerted himself to the best of his power to ascertain what had become of this little one; but all his exertions were in vain, and after a time he ceased to make inquiries. Perhaps had he ever seen the child he would not have resigned himself so readily to her loss. This admission, perhaps, we make in common justice to his character. In the army, no matter whether it be chaplain or drummer-boy, the influence of the military life is pretty equally paramount, and one of the chief phases of such an existence is the schooling of oneself to the loss of those about us, and of many of those whom we know.

To his half-fellow qualifications the chaplain added another, and that was a taste for the architecture of India; and upon this subject he had written a book of such a satisfactory nature, as far as he himself was concerned, that he felt if it pleased the public only one hundredth part it did him when it was printed, then, indeed, he would be a happy, and, furthermore to the purpose, a rich man.

On this particular night, when Graham came to the temple while the Brahmins were welcoming the return of Lota to India, he had been moved by a strong impulse to view the great pagoda, which formed a section of the pile, by moonlight. So, being quite disinclined to sleep, he had out his horse, and, in short time reaching the building, he tethered the animal to the branches of a handy tree, and then, all unconscious of coming harm, he entered the temple, which he naturally expected to find as deserted as usual.

He had taken some steps into the interior of the building before he discovered his error. Graham was naturally much surprised to find the building occupied by a crowd of human beings; but, recovering himself with that prompt presence of mind which should be in the possession of every soldier, from pipe-boy to general, he begged to be pardoned, speaking in Hindostanee, for his intrusion, and turned to leave the building.

He found the way barred.

A few moments before, he was a free man, and now he was a prisoner. He saw freedom beyond the gateway, in the shape of the broad expanse of the heavens, but he himself was powerless. The space between him and the threshold was filled with fierce-looking men.

He was totally unarmed—except by his Christianity.

Comprehending his position in a few moments, he leapt into a state of patient calmness which he felt at his very heart. He had very little fear of death, and death he read in every fierce eye scowling upon him.

Unable to pass through the doorway, he turned and moved up the main avenue of the temple.

As he did so, he saw the two slaughtered victims lying on the platform below the statue of Siva.

But he did not see the figure of a pale, weak woman dressed in white Indian clothing, and standing near the altar.

A white shrinking figure had seen him, however, and it had cowered away behind the statue of the great god Siva.

"Have you been shedding blood?" Graham asked, calmly, as he stopped suddenly, his eyes fixed upon the motionless bodies.

There was no answer to his words.

Then he looked up, and saw the proud figure of the Indian sahib, who had not cowered away at the sight of the English minister.

"Nena—a friend!" he cried, running forward.

"If a friend, one who could not be sworn by for his good looks.

"A seeming friend," replied the Nena.

"And a true, Nena," said the clergyman, with a kindly air, coming forward.

"True in my hate," returned the Indian. "Why are you here?"

"I should rather ask you, Nena, why are you here, surrounded by armed men, and at your feet two bleeding human beings?"

"I will tell you why you are here. Look at this god."

The minister looked up.

"I see the semblance of your Siva, the god of war, destruction, and misery. What then?"

"Why are you here? Because Siva sent you as a sacrifice—a goodly sacrifice, you who are of the miserable priesthood of our oppressors. It is Siva who has drawn you hither, and to whose nostrils shall rise the smoke of your blood."

Then he raised his right hand, and with it made a peculiar movement which was evidently understood, for the next moment the chaplain was seized and bound.

And it was then that a low and wondering cry was heard amidst the crowd. It arose from the sight they all saw in the shape of the great sacrifice, the woman almost half-divine before the eyes of the Brahmins, throwing herself at the feet of the Nena Sahib.

"Nena," said a weak, faint voice; "spare him?"

"Wherefore, sister?"

"He is old."

"The better reason he should die."

"He hath done no harm."

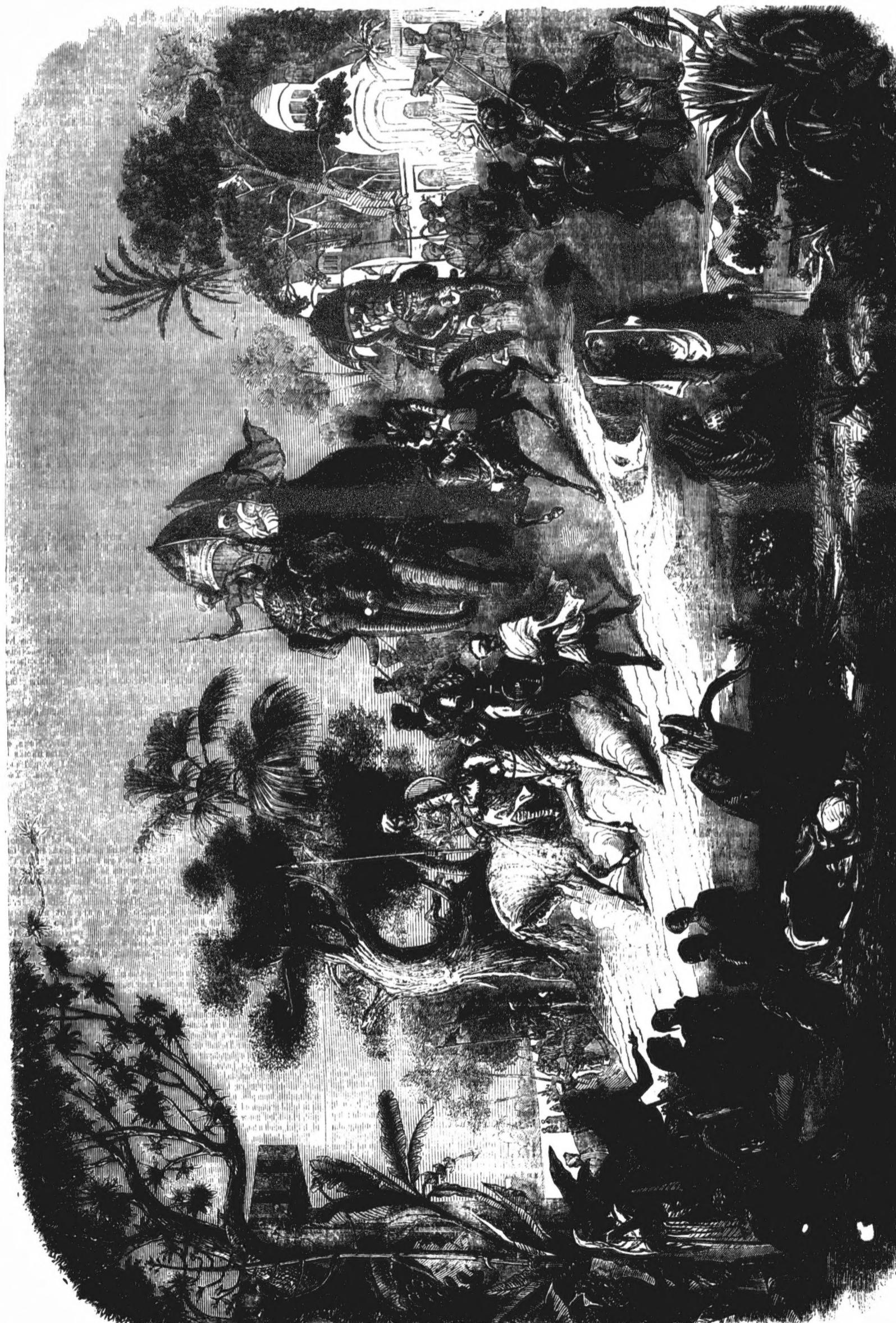
"Then need he fear not death."

"He hath done me service."

"Then he shall suffer, sister, that he hath dared to do thee service."

Her head fell, as she told herself that the Nena would be ready with an answer to any argument she might use.

These words had passed in very low tones of voice, and so rapidly, that almost before the assembly had comprehended the fact that the sacrifice was kneeling to the sahib, Lota's head had fallen forwards upon her breast, and her hands were covering her eyes.



"Lota," said the Nena, as he stooped to raise her; "be warne in time. You may not repeat of your work."

"I repent, sahib?"

"Yes; methinks you have grown to love the white-faced English better than your own Indian brethren. Take heed! much depends on you. Think what you will; but act as though you thought as she you once were."

Lota, by the help of the Nena, stood up, her face still turned from Graham.

Then came forward Vengha from behind the statue, and stood by the side of Lota.

She then spoke.

"Lota, take heed. If thou art untrue thou mightest lose thy child."

"And wouldst thou dare touch him?"

"I dare do all our cause shall call for. Be silent."

Vengha had grasped her soul, as can be grasped the soul of any mother—by a threat hurled at her child.

"Stand up and face the people."

And here Lota, as though unable to disobey, faced those who crowded the temple; but as she did so, she veiled her face.

So she stood, like a white, veiled statue. No movement was to be seen, no sound heard.

"I fear I stand condemned," said the clergyman.

"I thought you were above fear, most reverend man," said the Nena, mockingly.

"I fear for you and all those murderous men, who, if they do not seek to save my life, aid you in taking it."

"Find but one human being in this temple to say 'Let him live,' and, on my royal word, you shall pass out of this place unarmed and free—free to denounce us, if you will."

"Did I pass freely from out this place, of what could I accuse you as concerns myself. And as for these slain men," he continued, pointing to the dead Brahmins, "I fear our people have too little power to sift the murders we Indians commit amongst each other."

"Ask for your life of all this vast assembly."

Then the minister turned.

"My friends and fellow human beings, I ask my life of you. Not for its value to myself, for though unwilling to die, I have little care to remain on earth. But I would live to save you from the crime of murder, and also from the consequences of murder. I should be missed did you kill me, and were the truth learnt, I fear this grand temple would be levelled with the ground, and many of your lives pay the forfeit of my poor existence. Why should you seek to kill me? What harm have I done you? Not any—that is to say, not any that I know of. Be wise—I will not say be merciful—and let me go in peace. I should never speak of this night's work, and sorry indeed am I to see it. Of what do you complain? Your rulers are not all unjust; and they are so strong you cannot hope to conquer them."

"In six short months," cried the sahib, "we shall have thrown them into the sea."

The hoarse murmur which greeted this promise boded little of mercy for the English minister.

"Good people," he continued, "be gentle; let me go. It is in the power of either of you to save an old, old life! Speak, one of you, and say 'Let him live!'"

No answer came.

"Why are you so merciless? Why will each one deal out to me a sentence of death by his very silence? Have you no pity?—no love? Do you think we English have not blood as your blood; flesh as your flesh? Come, speak one of you, and be blessed of heaven for saying, 'Let him live!'"

No human response was heard.

"Heaven pity you all!" said the chaplain.

"Ye faithful!" cried the sahib, "list to me! Let each man who desires that this English priest shall die, cry, 'Death—death!'"

"Death, death!" resounded through the temple.

"You hear; all cry death!"

"All but one," replied the minister, calmly.

"And who is he?"

"It is that woman standing near you, sahib."

At those words the temple became hushed. The high priestess had not spoken.

"High priestess," said the sahib, lowly, "what say you?"

As he spoke, Vengha drew near her mistress.

No answer made Lota.

Then Vengha whispered lowly, "Take heed; thy child's blood is near the ground."

"Thou art a woman," said the minister, addressing her; "be womanly, and say, 'Let him live.' Mind, not that I ever care to live; but I would not have a woman take part in my destruction."

"Speak!" cried the Nena.

"Speak, speak, speak!" broke from all parts of the hall.

Still she hesitated.

And then a low murmur was heard surging towards her.

"You are in danger," whispered the sahib.

Thereupon she drew herself up, as though defiantly.

Then she spoke.

"Let him—"

Whether she would have said, "Let him live," or "Let him die," cannot be told. She fell heavily forward, staining her white garments with the oozing blood of the victims.

Only two words; but enough to betray her to the minister.

"Lady St. Maur!" he cried, in a horrified, agonized voice.

"Quick to your work!" cried the Nena, to those ready with mobile hands behind the minister.

And then the fear of death struck him with cowardice for a few mere moments.

"I am an old man!" he cried.

"An enemy has no age!" said the Nena.

Then, as the Thugs seized him, he cried—his fear of death already passed away—"A prayer—a little, little prayer!"

"Oh, by all means—let him pray!" said the Nena, scornfully and mockingly, his eyes meanwhile following the removal of Lota in her blood-stained dress. She lay lifeless in the arms of Vengha and two other women. Perhaps it had been well for her had she never lived again.

The minister pitifully watched the removal of the high priestess; though what he thought, perhaps, he could not have set out in words.

The white figure at last hidden in the shadow, then the white-haired minister put his hands together, and thus he prayed.

"Good, good Lord! for sixty years have I lived, while if I have sinned, I have always loved Thee, and I hope served Thee. Oh, welcome me in this supreme moment, and hear favourably my last and fervent supplications. For these, who hear me—"

Here the Nena laughed mockingly.

"Thou art going to denounce us," he said—"to curse us as we curse thee. So be it. Utter thy maledictions, old man; for these who hear thee, curse."

"For these who hear me," said the old military minister, "pardon! for they know not what they do."

A quick, angry look passed over the face of the Nena, and again made the sign of death to the executioners to do their work.

But the victim's words had caused a murmur, and though it was not loud, it was sufficiently high to drown the tramp of the approach of a party of the 3—th which was on the alert, and but a little way from the temple.

There had been some traitor in the Nena's camp, who had turned spy, and warned the commandant at Cawnpore that a large midnight meeting was to be held in the pagoda temple south of the town, and a party of the 3—th had been told off to investigate the matter; for though previous to the outbreak no Englishmen was

anything like aware of the amount of disaffection amongst the natives, a sufficient amount of knowledge had been gained to put the English governing powers somewhat on their guard, and to be prepared for broken and individual opposition.

Therefore the news being brought that a midnight meeting was to be held, a party of about fifty of the 3—th set out for the spot, every man of them grumbling at the duty he was upon, inclined to wish the commandant double d'd for the order, and quite convinced that the whole affair rather than otherwise had been devised to break the night's rest of the 3—th.

The little party was under the command of Captain Sir Clive St. Maur, and with it went the regimental surgeon, Phil Effingham, who, if the truth must be admitted, appeared to look upon this "hut after nothing," as he called it, with profound contempt. But in reality he felt convinced that there was more in the information carried to head-quarters than perhaps even the commandant found in it; for it may be said at once that Effingham was one of the very first to foresee the coming insurrection, or rather mutiny. But he was one of those men who never by any chance let the right hand know what the left hand is too lazy to accomplish, while the left barely knew he had a right hand in existence.

Therefore, though he fully expected to find more in the temple than "nothing at all," he openly professed great disgust at the order which had come down from the commandant.

"Brutal nonsense!" said he to St. Maur—"turning the men out into the night-dews. I shall be having them laid up with all kinds of colds before twenty-four hours are over. One old native woman has got hold of some cock-and-bull story, and told it to another old woman, so he has gone to a third in the shape of our commandant, and the toes up come down that my men have to turn out when every fellow of them ought to be in his night-cap, if he wears one—which, in my opinion, as a medical man, is an absurd thing to wear."

Then he held his tongue for a minute; but being in that state of rawness when it is necessary to gnaw in a wordy manner somebody or something, he broke out at the end of that time with—"And where the devil did you send that chaprassee (a) just before we turned out upon this lovely business—which ought to be accomplished in the goose step, in my opinion; not, I dare say, that my opinion is worth half the smoked-out end of a bad cigar."

"I only sent a message to my wife," said St. Maur, who, upon rejoining the regiment, had at once yielded to the old lectureship which the doctor had always wielded over him.

"And where is she?" asked Effingham, musing. "Wherever she is, she had much better be at home, looking after the boy. A married woman ought generally to be at home; but when she's a mother I doubt much if she ought ever to leave the house, especially when the boy wants looking to; and why the devil you ever brought him to India, I believe you know no more than the little chap himself."

"You're in a confounded ill temper to-night," said St. Maur.

"No, I'm not, Olivey—I'm in the jungle. Where did you say my lady was?"

"She went this morning to the Nena's. You know she is his foster-sister, in one of those inexplicable ways the Indians have all to themselves. She was to remain the day; but I had a message saying she would not return before the morning, at the Nena's own desire."

"Well, you take it very easy. Why did you send to her?"

"To desire her not to alarm herself on my account; for I felt pretty sure that some busy-body would tell her I was in command of the party; and, had she heard the particulars without hearing from me, why," continued St. Maur, "it would not, perhaps, have been so well."

"Ha!—well, here we are!"

This was the plain truth—a kind of thing for which Effingham was, in his way, celebrated.

Then came the halt, the click of arms making ready, the fixing of bayonets, and then the march forward into the temple.

A trying moment.

It is bad enough to go into action in the daylight, but it is worse in the night time. You not only are unable to see the number of the enemy, but he is totally hidden from you. He may be near, or far off. His shot may be spent ere it reaches you, or the muzzle of his firearms may be almost touching you. In fact, night fighting is terribly equal for all men, good and bad; the many and few have fair chances of victory.

But there was no sign of an enemy within the temple.

It is true the Englishmen were quite unable to penetrate, however keen their eyesight, the deep shadows of the thousand pillars of the temple; while they dared not avail themselves of torch-light, owing to the danger they would have exposed themselves to of lighting themselves up as a mark to the enemy.

They, therefore, had only the moonlight by which to mark a certain group in the midst of the temple.

A form, having a white face and grey hair, lay upon the ground; and around it were some twenty or thirty Indians. Further away, and below the idol of Siva, lay two Indians, motionless and bleeding.

"The cowards! the miscreants!" said he who was alone standing before the figure of the white-faced, grey-haired man.

St. Maur strode forward, followed by his men, and coming up to the group he at once recognised in the standing figure that of the Nena.

"Sreenath," he cried, "what is all this?"

"My tongue refuses to do its office," replied the Nena, in that smooth English for which he was celebrated.

St. Maur pushed through the Indians, and stooping down, at once recognised the motionless, grey-haired figure.

"Great heaven! it's Graham!" he said.

There was a start, a click of arms, and a cry amongst the Englishmen; and then the miniature ranks were broken up, and the red devils swarmed amongst the Indians, and round about the chaplain.

"Let me come there, you men," said Effingham.

And stooping down, he began to busy himself about what appeared to be a corpse.

A white handkerchief was tightly knotted round the neck, and this Effingham, quick as thought, cut through with the lancet he whipped out of his pocket.

"Nena," said St. Maur, "you must explain, and at once, how it is I come to find you here in the dead of the night, surrounded by your people, and lying in your midst the dead body of the chaplain of my regiment."

"Sahib," said the Nena, "tis an affair which I will make as clear as Brahmo's day. I had set out from Cawnpore to meet the Dureeth Djalma Sahib, who was to arrive to pay me a visit. Meeting him, we returned together, and our elephants were passing this temple, when a cry of distress arrested our march. I caused an investigation to be made, and the result was that our people seized a couple of Thugs, who had just succeeded in destroying this reverend gentleman, whom I had the honour to call friend."

"Where are these Thugs, Nena?" asked St. Maur.

"Their souls have gone to Brahmo to be judged," replied the Nena. And so speaking, he pointed to the dead, bleeding bodies which lay below the statue of Siva.

"Why did you not arrest them merely, sahib?" continued St. Maur. "You must be aware the Government are desirous of examining Thugs, with the view of obtaining information as to their number and their system."

"Alas!" replied the Nena, covering his face, "my just rage was so high, and yet so weak, I had no power to forbid my people from taking summary revenge upon the murderers, who lay here dead

below the altar of our God of Vengeance. Alas!" he continued, "your medical man comes too late. The vital spirit has fled. I would bestow a fortune on him could he reanimate the noble, good old man!"

"Whatever the men who killed him," said St. Maur, "if Indians, they have proved their own enemies, for George Graham was one of the best friends the Indians ever had!"

Meanwhile, Effingham had not ceased his industry and attention over and about the lifeless body of the chaplain.

"I am only glad that I was here to avenge the reverend man," said the Nena. "What sayst thou, Dureeth Djalma Sahib?"

"I say as thou," said the Indian, addressed in low, sweet tones.

"And thou sayst well," said the Nena. "I would give half my fortune to hear him breathe again!"

"Then, by Jove, I'm a rich man, Nena!" said the doctor, "for he's no more dead than you are!"

The party of soldiers gave a loud, strong hurrah; and it may have been this which caused the Nena Sahib to stagger, he being a gentleman of an extremely nervous temperament. But the next moment, recovering himself, he turned his eyes upon the gong hanging from the altar, and he made several steps towards it.

"Nena," said Effingham, marking the movement, "you had better not quit the safety of the open space. In the shadows an enemy may lurk, who may avenge fallen companions. Remain."

Again the Nena made towards the gong, but a warning look from Effingham's eyes caused a couple of the soldiers to run before him and prevent his leaving the neighbourhood of the group of Englishmen.

"A rich man!" said Effingham, who had been bleeding the clergyman in the neck, chafing the breast, and even breathing into the mouth to accelerate the infatuation of the lungs. "A rich man! In five minutes' time he will tell us all about it."

Again the Englishmen gave throat to a hurrah, and so loud a one, that it acted upon the feeble surviving senses of the chaplain. A faint quivering of the eyelids was noted by the busy doctor, and a catching motion of the hands.

And now, as gradually the minister assumed life, as this awful resurrection became more and more apparent, had any of the Englishmen noted the face of Nena Sahib they would have been able to mark a great contrast between him and Mr. Graham; for, as the latter regained life, the former appeared to lose it. And at last, as the eyes of the old minister gradually opened, the face of the Indian became so white and blank that the shadow of death seemed to rest on it.

The doctor was right—five minutes, and the old minister spoke, faintly and vaguely, but clearly enough to be understood.

Before the weak words came fluttering to his lips, however, Effingham looked at the Nena, and he said, "Now for a bit of the truth."

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who were stationed about Benares, that the "set" towards the Holy City was remarkable. Indians of all kinds and conditions of life poured into the place and fakirs of the most revolting and painful character blocked up the roads leading to the Holy City.

Rajahs upon magnificent elephants, smaller princes upon smaller elephants, military-looking men upon horses. Indians in carriages, upon foot, sat in thousands towards the Holy City of Hindostan. Of all varieties, castes, and positions were these Indians, but all remarkable for one certain look upon the face, one of willful determination, and set purpose.

Entering the Holy City, these visitors, before wiping the dust from their travelling dresses, crowded the temples; and so great were the offerings, and so rich the priesthood, that there were for a time no half-starved people in the city.

These throngs went as they came, but it might have been remarked that while the countenances of all those whose faces were turned to the city were hard and set, when turned from it they were such looks of exultation and peace as made the majority of them beautiful to look upon.

All who came crowded the temples. Masters and servants, down to the wretchedest boy in the cavalcade, soon knew the great purpose of the pilgrimage of the hosts, but all prayed in the full belief that Brahma was about to descend upon earth, and help them to rid the land of their enemies.

On, and on, the troops of earnest fanatics came; the fakirs, in their agonies of religious self-inflicted torture, dying by dozens on the roads, and lying there a little while before the half adoration of the masses. Then they were burnt, after the manner of the country, and other fakirs stationed themselves on the spots were the funeral piles had been, as holy spots which were worthy of their prayers.

This was in the April of 1857, and the English authorities heard no note of danger in this sullen tramp, this overwhelming march towards Benares.

It was said in drawing-rooms to be singular, odd; but no man said it was a signal.

Perhaps Phil Effingham might have had something to say about it when he read the information in the Calcutta newspapers week after week. But he was rarely in the habit of giving advice gratis—except in a medical way—so he held his tongue, looked after his sword, and polished his pistols.

It was towards the end of April when Effingham gave Graham, the chaplain, permission to leave his bungalow—where, by the way, during his illness he had been visited by the Nena Sahib, immediately after the latter had received a letter from the clergyman.

"Where are you going, Gray?"—short for Graham.

The question was put by Effingham, who immediately corrects himself by saying, "that is, perhaps, I'm a little off the line in asking, but I'd advise you not to go far out of the town."

For, to confess the truth, Effingham was afraid that if any living Indians were implicated in the attempt to strangle the minister, they would never be satisfied till his secret was with him in his coffin. Effingham knew the Indian mind, that it cannot comprehend pity, and looks upon forgiveness as a weakness which may vanish with strength. He, therefore, felt that while such confederates, if any, existed—and of this he had little or no doubt—they could never rely upon the minister's silence; perhaps had at their hearts a contempt for that mercy they could not appreciate; and would endeavour by all means to obtain that certain silence which now was kept, as the guarantee for their safety, at the will of the minister himself.

"I am not going to leave the town," said the minister. "I am only going in a dhooly on a visit to—Lady St. Maur."

"Hullo! what's that?" said Effingham. Then, after a pause, he said, "Ho, I remember; it's the bugle call of the Highlanders, who are expected to-day, and here they are. Those fellows generally manage to stick to their word. You had better wait till the streets are clear; the dust will be very heavy with their march, to say nothing of all the place turning out to see the minister. Wait till the evening, will you?"

"Yes," said the minister, "I will; but I want to see Lady St. Maur very particularly."

"I will call on her, and let the lady know you are coming. Hullo! there goes Jessie Macfarlane down the street like a wind, and taking no more heed of the sun than though it was a cold Scotch soon. There—as I said—all the town is turning out, and—phew!—what a dust there is already; let's down with the sun-blinds."

But though Phil Effingham shut out the sight of the company of Highlanders marching into Cawnpore, it does not follow we should do the same.

So, out into the sun.

See, there is Jessie Macfarlane.

On come the Scotchies, plumes nodding, and best of two best legs foremost, and then, loud above the pipes, sounds a shrill female voice.

"Eh! my air-r-r (a)—tis jeat Bar-r-ry Sanderson!"

(To be continued in our next.)

(a) The young woman would have said, in English, "heart."

A CERTAIN Mr. Hunt, from a collier, became, as he expressed it, "a vessel of the Lord's" he instantly lengthened his name to Huntington, and so signed it, with the adjunct of S. S. (Sinner Saved!)

A SERVANT-GIRL received the following written character from a person who meant to compliment her very highly:—"This is to Certify that Isable Wier served with us During the last half-year, and found her in every respect Creditable and free of Nothing that was in any way wrong."

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS

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Baker and Baker's True Uncoloured Tea.

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Sold in packets from 2s to 4s, 4d per pound.

The wrapper is stamped with the Chinese Dragon, without whose name are genuine Agents in Hackney—Nolds, Gibson, Boyd, Kingsland-road—Robins, Karsch, Smith, Hoxton—Godley, Hughes, Standard, Ball's-pond, Leeson, Finsbury-road. Venner, Dalton, Hart, Fetter-lane. Wanted, first-class Agents in districts not represented.—Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, Worship-street, Fenchurch-street.

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